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Sweep Before Your Own Door.

Do we heed the homely adage, handed down
from days of yore,
"Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling, clear
the rubbish from your door?"
Let no filth, no rust there gather; leave no
traces of decay;
Pluck up every weed unsightly; brush the fallen
leaves away!

If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep
without, within:
Plucked up envy, evil-speaking, malice, each
besetting sin;
Weeds that by the sacred portals of the inner
temple grow;
Poisonous weeds the heart defiling, bearing
bitterness and woe;

Then, perchance, we may have leisure o'er our
neighbor watch, to keep;
All the work assigned us finished, we before his
door may sweep.

Half an Hour before Supper.

So she's here, your unknown Dulcinea,—the
lady you met on the train,—
And you really believe she would know you if
you were to meet her again?"

"Of course," he replied, "she would know me;
there never was womankind yet
Forgot the effect she inspired. She excuses,
but does not forget."

"Then you told her your love?" asked the
elder; the younger looked up with a smile,
"I sat by her side half an hour,—what else was
I doing the while!

"What, sit by the side of a woman as fair as
the sun in the sky,
And look somewhere else lest the dazzle flash
back from your own to her eye?

"No, I hold that the speech of the tongue be
as frank and as bold as the look,
And I held up herself to herself,—that was
more than she got from her book."

'Young blood!" laughed the elder; "no doubt
you are voicing the mode of To-Day;
But then we old fogies, at least, gave the lady
some chance for delay.

"There's my wife—(you must know)—we first
met on the journey from Florence to Rome:
It took me three weeks to discover who was she
and where was her home;

"Three more to be duly presented; three more
ere I saw her again;
And a year ere my romance began where yours
ended that day on the train."

"O, that was the style of the stage-coach; we
travel to-day by express;
Forty miles to the hour," he answered, "won't
admit of a passion that's less."

"But what if you make a mistake?" quoth the
elder. The younger half sighed.
"What happens when signals are wrong or
switches misplaced?" he replied.

"Very well, I must bow to your wisdom," the
elder returned, "but admit
That your chances of winning this woman your
boldness has bettered no whit.

"Why, you do not at best know her name. And
what it I try your ideal
With something if not quite so fair, at least
more en reple and real?

"Let me find you a partner. Nay, come, I insist—you shall follow—this way.
My dear, will you not add your grace to entreat
Mr. Rapid to stay?

"My wife,—Mr. Rapid—Eh, what! Why, he's
gone,—yet he said he would come;
How rude! I don't wonder, my dear, you are
properly crimson and dumb!"

BRET HARTE.

MILLY MORE'S LETTER.

I'm Aunt Gunter. Job Gunter is my husband. We keep the Anchor Port post office and a store, and sell groceries and garden sass, calico, shoes, and medicines, like other folks in our line, when anybody asks for 'em.

When a ship comes in, and the sailors come home to their wives and mothers, trade grows brisk. The housekeepers do their best and the raisins and dried currents and eggs and butter go off finely, and it's worth while to lay in ribbons for the girls, and smoking tobacco and long pipes for the men.

Jack and his wages make old Anchor Port brisk for a while, but at last he sails away, and all the women seem to ask for will be letters—letters, letters, when they have a right to expect them, and when they haven't, all the same.

It's "Please Aunty Gunter, look over them, and see if there aren't one for me;" and it's "Please, Uncle Gunter; it might have got mixed up and overlooked somehow;" often and often—God help the poor souls!—after Jack lies at the bottom of the sea, and nothing will ever reach them but the news of his shipwreck. But plenty of letters come after all, and sometimes we had to read them for the folks, Job and I, and so we get to know something of their lives.

Milly More could read and write herself, but still I always knew when she had a letter from Will Masset. I knew it by the hand-writing, and I knew it by her blushes, and by that happy look in her face. When he came home, she bought ribbons and bits of lace by the apronful; and I knew where the packages of candy that he bought were to go. And I used to keep Job from fishing down in Pullman's creek of afternoons, because I knew that was where Milly and Will liked to walk. Courting time comes but once in a lifetime, and I always like to see it prosper.

At last he sailed away, second mate of the Golden Dove; and when he came back from that voyage, they were to be married.

It was a sad day when that ship sailed. Mrs. Captain Rawdon and her girls were crying on the shore. Twenty women from the Port and five from the Hill were there to see her set sail.

It was a grim, gray day, and the voyage was to be a long one.

It was under our old sycamore that Will took Milly to his breast.

"Don't fret, darling!" he said. "I'll come back safe and sound. I couldn't drown now; I've too much to live for."

Poor boy! in spite of that, the Golden Dove went down in mid-seas, and only three men reached Anchor Port to tell how Captain Rawdon, and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in a most woeful torm.

Captain Kincaid brought the news up to Mrs. Rawdon. He stopped at our store to tell about it. A nice old man. A bachelor still, at fifty-eight, and as handsome, with his white hair and red cheeks, as a picture.

That was twelve months ago, the night I went into the store to sort some things out, as I always did Saturday nights. Through the week Job used to get everything mixed up—letters in my tea-boxes, candles in the letter-box, eggs where they oughtn't to be, and all the place askew. It was a warm autumn night, and Captain Kincaid's vessel was in port, and he had plenty of custom. Job served the people while I tidied up. I found half the last mail in a sugar box, and clothes pins in the ground coffee canister, and I just dumped them out.

"Gather up your letters Job," said I. "What possesses you, old man?"

And he laughed and piled 'em up. And I made a vow to myself that I'd keep the sugar box full after that, so that he shouldn't use it for the mail.

I had twenty-four pounds of sugar known as "coffee crushed," because it was prepared especially to use in coffee. That was the finest sugar Anchor Hill folks often bought, though I had a little cut and powdered by me, in case Mrs. Rawdon, or Mrs. Dr. Speer, or the minister's lady should send in; and I took the paper up and tilted it over the japanned box, pouring it in a nice smooth stream, when who should come running into the shop but Milly More. She was not dressed carefully, and her eyes were red with crying.

She asked for some tea, and while Job was weighing it out she whispered to me:

"Oh! Aunty Gunter, have you looked to-day? Isn't there a letter from Will? He said he couldn't die. I don't feel as if he could. Mightn't he write, after all? Do look."

"My Pet," says I, "it's a year ago that the Golden Dove went down. It isn't likely. And He don't let those live that want to always. It isn't likely, dear, but I'll look."

I took the letters in my hand one by one. Many of them would make hearts glad before the shutters were up that night; but none for Milly! It couldn't be expected, of course.

I told her so; but I took her into my little back parlor, and made her sit down.

I talked as good as I could to her out what good does talking do?

"Oh, Aunty," says she, "I know it seems as if I was a fool; but I waked up hoping this morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I can't.

"When baby died—the only one we ever had—I thought I never should believe it," said I. "But I had Job; and you have your mother and sister, Milly."

At that she burst into tears, and put her head down on my knee.

"I must tell you," said she. "They want me to marry Captaid Kincaid. He's courting me. He fell in love with me the night he brought the news to Mrs. Captain Rawdon; I was there sewing, and heard it all. Oh, how cruel to fall in love with a poor girl at such a time! And he asks me to be his wife. And mother and Fanny shall always have a home, he says. And you know how poor we are. And they're angry at me for saying No. And how can I, how can I, when my heart is in the sea with Willie?"

"Captain Kincaid!" I said, and I couldn't say any more; she took my breath away. She was a nice, pretty girl; but the Captain was rich, elegant and stylish. An old family he came of, too. It was an honor for Milly More.

"Not just yet," said I, after a while. "Perhaps you'll feel better. He's old, I know, but he's a splendid man."

"You too!" said she. "You too! Nobody understands. It isn't as if I had made up my mind, like all the rest. Will will always be a living man to my mind. I don't think any one ever loved but me. Nobody understands—nobody."

I kissed her, and coaxed her, and said no word about her changing her mind; but for all that I kept thinking of it in a kind of maze.

"Captain Kincaid! such a gentleman as that! Old as he was, could she fail to see the honor?"

But when I told Job, says he:

"Jerusalem! a young, pretty girl like Milly! Why don't he go after some widder or an oldish gal? Milly is too young for him. Poor Will! What a pity! They jest suited each other."

I couldn't help it though. Mrs. Captain Kincaid would have things that Milly More could never dream of: silk dresses and velvet cloaks, jewelry and stuffed chairs in her best rooms, a silver ice-pitcher if she chose, like Mrs. Captain Rawdon. She might have a carriage too, and a pair of ponies. And I liked Milly, and wouldn't have envied her her luck one bit; and I didn't wonder at Mrs. More and Fanny.

Once having given me her confidence, Milly didn't stop; and Mrs. More came over to talk about it too, until at last I fairly up and sided with the old lady.

"Milly," says I, "Will is gone, and you aren't his widow, to wear weeds all your life—not that many do, if they can helf it, seems to me—and Captain Kincaid is as good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him as much as there's any need to love."

After that she stopped talking much to me. She used to give me strange looks though. I knew all about it. I knew that her heart was in the sea; but Will was gone and why should she refuse what Providence offered?

The captain staid at the port three months, and at last we worried her into promising to be his wife—old Mrs. More, Fanny and I. She just gave up at last.

"It don't matter much after all," she said. "I must be going out of my mind, for I never can stop watching and hoping. I shall die soon I suppose whether I marry or not."

After that she never spoke of Will, and Mrs. More told me she was engaged; and she wore a diamond ring upon her finger. And the day before the ship sailed she was to marry Captain Kincaid, so that she might go to Europe with him.

A year and three months since the *Golden Dove* went down. Well, no one can tell what changes a little while can bring. I used to hope that I hadn't had much hand in it after all, when I thought it over, and remembered poor Will, and how he took her in his arms under the sycamore.

But then, you see, Mrs. More's sight had failed, so that she couldn't do fine sewing, and Fanny wasn't of much account except to look at. It was a hard life that lay before Milly. It was good for her to marry Captain Kincaid, and have rest and comfort, wasn't it?

"To-morrow is the wedding," said I to Job. "It's going to be in the church. Miss Salsbury is finishing my silver-gray poplin. It sets splendid. We'll have Ben Barnes in to keep store, and go, won't we? You'll like to see Milly off, won't you?"

"I wish it was Will Masset," says Job.

"Poor Will!" says I, and I went on tidying, though it was a Friday. I should be so busy next day. I got out my big paper of sugar, and I got down my japanned sugar box, never empty yet since that day I filled it up. And then Job, sorting the letters, looks up at me.

"Never begrudged you anything so much as I do that box," says he. "Best thing I ever put the mail into. This mere wooden thing with a slide is a pesky bother."

"Law me," says I, "if I'd knowed you wanted it, you should have had it. I didn't think you had any plan in it. Jest stick 'em anywhere, I thought you would. I'll empty the box; I've got one that'll do. And I'm glad you spoke before I filled it up."

So with that I spread a big paper on the counter, and emptied out the sugar.

It had packed a little, and came out in a sort of cake. There it laid, white and shiny, and on top of it, whiter and shinier, laid *a letter*—a letter with a ship-mark upon it, and this superscription:

"Miss Milly More, Anchor Port, Maine, United States of America."

Three months ago—poor stupid!—I had emptied my best coffee crushed in upon it, and there it was.

Three months ago she had come down to me and asked for a letter, and I'd thought her half crazy; and I'd have given more money than there was in the till, to have dared to tear that letter open on the spot and read it, though I knew the hand was Will Masset's.

"This can't wait," says I.

"No," says Job, "it can't, with that wedding coming off to-morrow."

Then I stopped and thought, let it lie until it is called for, and she'll be Mrs. Captain Kincaid, with her silks and her velvets, and her fine house and her carriage, all the same. This comes from a shipwrecked sailor, poorer now than when he went away.

"Perhaps I'd better wait until the wedding is over, Job," said I.

And my old man came across the room and put his arm about my waist.

"Nancy," says he, "you and I was young folks once. I used to think something was better than money and fine doings then. And though we old folks may get a little hard—though to be np in the world seems so much, and all that old sweetness so silly, why, it will come back sometimes. You remember how he kissed her under the sycamore; and—Nancy, we couldn't wait until after the wedding, either of us."

I put my arms about Job's neck, and I kissed him; and then I got my sunbonnet and ran over to Mrs. More's.

Captain Kincaid was there. I stood at the door with my letter behind my back.

"Won't you walk in?" said Mrs. More.

"I—I haven't time," said I. It's only an errand. It's a little singular. Milly, there's a—a—"

"My letter! my letter!" cried Milly. "It has come at last!"

How she knew it, Heaven knows. She hadn't had a glimse of it.

It was the old sailor's story: a shipwreck, a deserted island, wretched months spent in hoping for succor, and a sail at last. He would be home in three months,

"Three months!" said Milly. "Oh, how can I wait."

And then says I:

"Milly, forgive a poor old stupid goose. That letter has been lying under my best coffee crushed three months and a day. And there's a vessel in the offing now."

So it was Will, after all; and Job and I went to the wedding with happy hearts. And no need to pity Capt. Kincaid either for he married Fanny More before the year was over.

JAPANESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—The Japanese never smoke opium. They have small pipes that hold three good whiffs, and of the mildest Turkish tobacco. They have a club house in Yokohama, of which the high Japanese officials are members. They have none at Yeddo, the capital. That is where Iwakura lives, consequently he is not a member of any club. The Japanese have the games of chess, cards and dominoes. Their cards are different from ours, but the essential principles of the game are the same. Latterly they have become large importers of billiard tables, and the game is fast assuming high rank there. They are great wrestlers, and every year the champion wrestler wins the embroidered apron, which he is allowed to wear one year. The Japanese are anxious to open their country to foreigners, but they are profound believers in civil and religious liberty. So far as their religion is concerned, they do not wish to be dictated to or bullied into doing right. They intend to do right, and in moral action are governed by conscience alone. They will not be forced to do right, but will do it because it is right. If they rise in the scale and importance of nations they desire to do so of their own accord. In all dealings they are governed by what conscience dictates to be right. No Japanese is allowed to cut down a tree unless he plants another. Under the law the mother is held responsible for the good conduct of her children. The Japanese women are held as equals, but are not as highly educated as the male. Adultry is a thing unknown among the Japanese. After a few years, in case a married women is childless, the husband is allowed to take a handmaid. After a child is born by her she must leave as soon as it is weaned; and after that the real wife adopts it as her own. Adultry, if it occurs, is punished by the death of both parties. If a trouble occurs in the street the parties living opposite are responsible for it. Of course they try to make the parties move on and stop the row.

BLACK SILKS.—A change is taking place in black silks. They show a tendency toward smoother surfaces, have more natural lustre, and are neither blue-black nor brown-black, but are of deep jetty hue. Low-priced silks especially show smaller grain, because they are now free from the heavy dye formerly used to give them a meretricious lustre and weight. Instances are known where by means of this dye 16 ounces of this silk were raised to 40 ounces, and silks sold for $2 or $3 a yard were as heavily repped as those costing $4 or $6. Buyers of silks at $2 or $2.50 a yard are advised to abandon the idea of getting weighty corded silks, and to choose instead softer silks with small reps, and nearly the lustre that is natural to pure silk. These do not cut or crease, and their smooth surfaces endure friction far better then do those with projecting cords. Lyons silk at $3 a yard is the popular choice for street suits, and the same silk of a higher grade, sold for $4, is as rich and heavy as any lady need care to wear. There will be a renewed effort to bring black silk into disfavor this winter, and owing to the variety of rich dark colors imported, it may not be as universally worn as at present; but when a lady wants the finest fabric that can be bought, and finds hat to be black silk, she will not hesitate to buy it. Quantities of jet ornaments, embroidery, velvet, and lace are the trimmings with which black will be enlivened. Ladies who are renovating the black dresses o last season, whether of silk, cashmere, or alpaca, are advised that they can clean tehm beautifully with borax and tepid water. The proportions are a tea-spoonful of borax to a quart of water. Apply with a woolen rag or a nail brush.—*New York Paper.*

AN INCIDENT.—A gentleman who came up the Hudson on the steamer, tells this story: "I noticed," he said, "a serious looking man, who looked as if he might have been a clerk or a bookkeeper. The man seemed to be caring for a crying baby, and was doing everything he could to still its sobs. As the child became restless in the berth the gentleman tooo it in his arms and carried it to and frk in the cabin. The sobs of the child irritated a rich man, who was trying to read, until he blurted out loud enough for the father to hear— "What does he want to disturb the whole cabin with that d—— baby for?" The man only nestled the baby more quietly in his arms without saying a word. Then the baby sobbed again. "Where is the confounded mother that she don't stop its noise?" continued the profane grumbler. At this the father came up to the man and said: "I am sorry we disturb you, sir, but my dear baby's mother is in her coffin down in the baggage room! I'm taking her back to Albany where we used to live." "The hard hearted man," says my friend, "buried his face in shame, but in a moment, wilted by the terrible rebuke, he was by the side of the grief-stricken father. They were both tending the baby,"

GOOD HORSES.—A horse is never vicious or intractable without a direct cause. If a horse is restive or timorous, you may be sure that these faults arise from defects in his education. He has been treated either awkwardly or brutally. Commence the education of a horse at his birth; accustom him to the presence, voice and sight of man; speak and act gently; caress him, and do not startle him. All chastisement or cruelty confuses the animal and makes him wild. They are good men who make good horses.

IMMIGRATION. — Nearly forty-seven thousand immigrants arrived in the United States during the three months ending March 31st, 1872, of whom over five thousand were farmers, and nearly the whole of the remainder were of other equally useful occupations. About one third of the whole were from Germany

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The Swedish immigrants of New Sweden, Me., milk their cows three times a day, morning, noon and night.

A Stubborn Duel.

If you wish to know what manner o *young* man Gov. De Witt Clinton of New York was, you have only to read the official report of the duel which he fought in 1802 with John Swartwout, at Weehawken. Clinton was then opposing Aaron Burr, and Swartwout accused him of being actuated in his opposition only by personal and selfish motives.

"He is a liar, a scoundrel, and a villain," exclaimed the hot-headed Clinton.

A challenge followed, and the duel was fought. I suppose that it was the most remarkable affair of the kind that ever occurred—out of Ireland. The first fire doing no harm to either antagonist, one of the seconds asked Swartwout:

"Are you satisfied, sir?"

"I am not," said he, with more blantness than courtesy.

They fired a second time without effect.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" asked the second.

"No!" thundered Swartwout.

The men fired a third time without any effect, when the same gentleman again politely asked Mr. Swartwout if he was satisfied.

"I am *not*," was the reply; "neither shall I be until that apology is made which I have demanded. Until then, we must proceed."

Swartwout's second then presented a paper containing the apology demanded for Clinton's signature, saying:

"We cannot spend our time in conversation. This paper must be signed; or proceed."

"I will not sign any paper on the subject," said Clinton, with a firmness and dignity. "I have no animosity against Swartwout. I will willingly shake hands, and agree to meet on the score of former friendship."

The fourth fire then took place, when Clinton's ball struck his obstinate antagonist in the left leg below the knee.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" the wounded was again asked.

Standing firmly at his post, he answered:

"It is useless to repeat the question. My determination is fixed, and I beg we may proceed."

While the surgeon was extracting the ball from the opposite side of Swartwout's leg, Clinton again declared that he had no animosity against Swartwout, that he was sorry for what had passed, and was willing to go forward, shake hands, and bury the circumstance in oblivion. Swartwout, however, standing erect at his place, insisted upon the written apology. A fifth time they fired, and Clinton's ball struck his antagonist in the same leg, but a little below the former wound.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" asked the second.

"I am not, sir!" replied Swartwout; proceed."

Clinton then left his station, threw down his pistol, and declared that he would fire no more.

Whereupon Swartwout, turning to his second, asked what he should do; to which the second replied:

"There is nothing further left for you now, but to have your wounds dressed."

So the combat ended, and the two parties returned in their barges to the city.

A Sad, Sad Story.

Twenty-five years ago, says a letter writer, a company of young people, farmer's sons and daughters, to the number of thirty-two, drove in the early morning down to the ancient little city of Amboy, New Jersey, to embark in a sloop for a sail down the waters of one of the prettiest bays that wash the Atlantic coast. Arrived at Sandy Hook, they feasted, fished and frolicked and flirted, too, no doubt, for the wash-tub and the dairy can never deprive the daughters of Eve of their prerogative. At the close of the afternoon they prepared for a glorious bath in the surf of Florida Grove, the young men retiring round the point, leaving their fair friends in unembarrassed enjoyment of the situation. Upon their return the young farmers saw a sight that might well strike terror to the stoutest heart. The cruel undertow had sucked the poor girls down to their deaths, and the waves had cast their bodies on to the sands from whence they had dashed so merrily into the rolling surf a short half hour before as not one of the whole party was left alive. Sadly the young men bore the remains of sister, friend and sweetheart back to their homes, now made desolate indeed, and wide-spread was the grief and anguish in the hitherto happy township of Piscataway. There was not a family that did not mourn the loss of a beloved child and daughter; and such was the shock produced by the terrible occurrence throughout the whole State of New Jersey that the memory of it is preserved to this day, and the story told by those who listened to it first, perhaps, from the lips of a sorrowful eye-witness.

FOOLED THEM.—At the steamboat wharf a religious meeting was held, and one gentleman of the city was offering a prayer, when the exercises were suddenly interrupted by a man falling or tumbling into the water. There was a rush to see what was the matter, when the fellow was seen plunging about and apparently drowning. Several pieces of timber were thrown him, and also a rope, but he kept sinking and rising, evidently unable to see (or unwilling more likely) the means taken to rescue him. At last two men jumped in and pushed the timber close to him, when he disappeared for the tenth time, and it was supposed he had floated under the boat. One of the men dived after him, but he was seen to rise some fifteen yards from where he went out of sight, and the fellow swam lustily to a boat waiting for him, into which he tumbled, and the comrade and the aquatic mountebank pulled away jeering and laughing at the wonderful feat of fooling good men who had tried to perform an act of humanity. It is questionable whether such lives are worth saving; at any rate the mean fellow deserved to be keel hauled.—*Fall River Herald.*

DAIRYMEN'S CONVENTION.—A Convention of the dairymen and farmers of the State of New York is soon to be held in New York city. A call has already been issued by the milk producers, who intend to take the sale of milk out of the hands of the middle men, who adulterate it to such a degree as to render it almost worthless, and what is of far more importance, highly injurious to the consumers. With that object in view, the dairymen and farmers will unite and form a protective association, to be known as the United Farmers' Milk Company. The City will be mapped out into districts, and each milk producer will take as many as he can attend to.

M. Thiers speaking of the dangers which threaten France said: "There are three dangers, and three only—radicalism, Bonapartism, and my death. The first I do not think very menacing; the second requires to be watched over carefully; and as for the third, there is no question of it." In the President's opinion, therefore, Bonapartism may again be in the ascendant.

THE IRISH CUP POTATO.—If the Irish Cup potato which the Editor of the New England *Farmer* says "upon the whole, is the best potato he has ever known," is the same "Irish Cup" we used to grow twenty years ago, it is the poorest in flavor smallest in size, and meanest to dig we ever grew. We should like to have a description of our brother editor's Irish Cup.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Manufacture of Crackers.

The process of manufacturing crackers is accomplished almost entirely by the aid of specially devised machinery. First of all, the flour is hoisted to one of the upper floors of the factory, and then emptied into a large bin; thence it passes to an elevator which carries it to a revolving sieve. Here it is thoroughly sifted of its impurities, and then allowed to fall through a shoot leading to the mixer. The latter consists of a cylinder containing a rotary axle on which knife blades are fastened. At the opposite end from that at which the flour enters, is an opening through which the mixed dough is pushed out of the machine by the action of the revolving blades. The flour on entering the mixer, is immediately moistened by a stream of water pouring in from above. Except for the fancy varieties, flour and water constitute the sole ingredients, not even salt being added, as it is considered that that substance renders the biscuits liable to spoil. As fast as the dough is pushed from the mixer, it is received in large masses by a workman who passes it through a machine technically termed the "baker." This is nothing more than a pair of heavy metal rollers, which squeezes the dough into a kind of thick sheet. Still further rolling follows until the material is made into sheets of about one-half an inch in thickness. The dough is now ready to be made into crackers. Once more it is rolled to bring it to the exact thickness required, and then, from between the rollers, travels under a set of dies which, working very rapidly, stamp out the crackers in quantities at a time. As fast as the latter are cut, they slide along on a sheet of canvas, one workman, removing by hand the dough from between them, while another, as soon as a sufficient number are completed passes a flat tray under them, and places them in the oven, which is a huge brick compartment, heated from below by large furnaces. Within is an iron wheel resembling the paddle wheel of a steamer, trays, however, which are so arranged as to lie always horizontal, taking the place of the buckets on the latter. This wheel revolves bringing each of the trays, of which there are twelve, in turn before the open door. Upon these trays the unbaked crackers are placed, and those already finished being removed, each batch travels once around the oven, the time occupied in so doing being sufficient to admit of their becoming thoroughly cooked. They are then packed in boxes, barrels, or tins, and are ready for the market. A single oven of the kind above described will bake one hundred barrels of flour, made into dough, in ten hours; and we are informed that, with three such ovens in operation, as many as eight thousand barrels have been made into crackers in the space of three weeks.

AN ANECDOTE OF MATHEWS.—We are given to understand that the following anecdote of Charles Mathews the elder has not hitherto been in print in this country. Matthews and Tattersall were very intimate, and the great commedian was frequently in the habit of accompanying his friend to Newmarket, where, on one occasion, Mathews indulged in his well known taste for mimicry, at the expense of Tattersall, during a sale of blood stock conducted by the latter. "The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, is a bay filly by Smolensko," etc. "The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mr. Mathews in precisely the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly by Smolensko," etc. The auctioneer looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded: "What shall we say to begin with?" "What shall we say to begin with?" replied the echo. Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall inquiringly called out, "One hundred guineas?" "One hundred guideas," echoed Mathews. "Thank you, sir," cried Tattersall, bringing down the hammer; "the filly is yours." Mathews was considerably taken aback by his sudden acquisition of "blood stock," and the company enjoyed the joke immensely.

A DARING FEAT.—A very daring feat was performed a few days since on Lookout Mountain, by a young lady from Nashville. It is customary for all strangers visiting the height to have their photographs taken at the gallery situated on the "point," or extreme verge of the mountain, overlooking the Tennessee River. Timid persons are generally content with a position ranging at from three to four feet from the edge of the precipice, which juts out above the trees several hundred feet below. The young lady in question was not satisfied with the common custom, but with the assistance of the photographer and a friend, climbed over the verge and stood on the projecting fragment of rock only six inches square, within a few feet of the top of the bluff, and looked calmy down from the giddy height until her picture was taken. One jostle or misstep, and she would have gone down through the tree tops and into the valley below. No other lady has ever attempted the feat, and we suppose never will.

THE COST OF DRINKING.—The St. Louis *Republican* furnishes the following: "The total outlay for last year's stock of drinks —including native and foreign wines and liquors and malt beverages — exceeds $162,000,000. The profits on this outlay to dealers foot up the handsome sum of $500,000,000 making the total expenditure of the people of the United States for drinks $662,000,000. From three to four hundred able-bodied men are employed behind the counter of saloons. Those licensed to sell liquors make one in 250 of the population, and as each of these has one or two aids, it is estimated that one in about every 120 of the citizens is engaged in drink selling. Leaving out women and children, and making due allowance for teetotallers, the drinkers are less than twelve millions in number, and on average every eighty drinkers support a drinking establishment and consume four hundred and sixty gallons of spirits, eighty gallons of wine and two thousand gallons of beer annually, and pay about sixty dollars each.

A TRUTHFUL ALLEGORY.—A traveler was pursued by a Unicorn. In his alright he fell, and as a fallen man, caught at whatever was in his way; he caught the branches of a tree. He looked before himself and saw a fearful precipice. He looked back and saw the unicorn ready to destroy him. He looked again before and saw a dragon with jaws ready to receive him. He looked to the roots of the tree and saw two rats, one white and the other black, gnawing alternately at them. He looked among the branches of the tree and saw it filled with poisonous asps, ready to sting; but from their lips dropped honey. Regardless of surrounding danger he caught the honey, ate it and perished. O man! see here thyself! the tree is life; the unicorn death; the precipice eternity; the dragon thy destroyer; the rats day and night numbering the hours of thy stay on earth; the asps, thy own bad passions; the honey, pleasure, of which thou partaketh to thy eternal ruin.

CLAIMS.—The number of claims before the U. S. Southern Claims Commission presented thus far, amount to 1,600, ranging from $12 to $350,000, and averaging $2,500 each. According to law the Commission expires on the 3d of March next, but it is said six years will be required for transacting the business now on hand, and, under the present bureau system of the Department, it may even extend to fifty years.

The Messenger Bee.

A bee flew in at my window,
And soon flew out again.
I said, as I pined in the shadow,
"He visits no house of pain."

A bee without hive or honey,
Of the fields, a citizen free,
Dead leaves, or a flower-strewn pathway,
Came with a lesson to me.

My thoughts flew out of the window,
Following far away
A web in the air that was woven
Of invisible threads of gray.

Till we came to familiar pastures,
Where clover and buttercups spread,
Dog-roses, the bell-wort, strawberries:
How long had my youth been dead?

I recognized there my childhood,
As soulless as this wild bee,
When into the world I wandered,
Holding youth, my all, in fee.

Now youth and its visions have vanished,
There comes this wandering bee,
So soulless he knows not who sent him
To return a soul to me!

How They Protect Themselves.

Leaving Fort Wallace about sunset on the evening of the 15th of July, says Gen. Custer, we began our ride eastward, following the line of the overland stage route. At that date the Kansas Pacific Railway was only completed as far westward as Fort Harker. Between Forts Wallace and Harker we expected to find the stations of the overland stage company, at intervels of from ten to fifteen miles. In time of peace these stations are generally occupied by half a dozen employees of the route, embracing the stablemen and relays of drivers. They were well supplied with firearms ammunition, and every facility for defending themselves against Indians. The stables were also the quarters for the men. They were usually built of stone, and one would naturally think that against Indians no better defensive work would be required. Yet such was not the case. The hay and other combustible material usually contained in them, enabled the savages, by shooting prepared arrows, to easily set them on fire, and thus drive the occupants out on the open plain, where their fate would soon be settled. To guard against such an emergency, each station was ordinarily provided with what on the Plains is termed a "dug-out," The name implies the character and description of the work. The "dug-out" was commonly located but a few yards from one of the corners of the stable, and was prepared by excavating the earth so as to form an opening not unlike a cellar, which was usually about four feet in depth, and sufficiently roomy to accommodate at close quarters half a dozen persons. This opening was then covered with earth and loopholed on all sides at a height of a few inches above the original level of the ground. The earth was thrown on top until the "dug-out" resembled an ordinary mound of earth, some four or five feet in height. To the outside observer, no means apparently were provided for egress or ingress; yet such was not the case. If the entrance had been made above ground, rendering it necessary for the defenders to pass from the stable unprotected to their citadel, the Indians would have posted themselves accordingly, and picked them off one by one as they should emerge from the stable. With these arrangements for defense a few determined men could withstand the attacks of an entire tribe of savages. The recent depredations of the Indians had so demoralized the men at the various stations that many of the latter were found deserted, their former occupants having joined their forces with those of other stations. The Indians generally burned the deserted stations.

MAKING A LIVING.—It is said, in th day of perplexity, when every one must have money, and there is no money to be had, that it would be an excellent thing to learn to live without means. Setting aside the aged and helpless, such a situation can hardly be found. Who, in this wide world, in this universal magazine, this great store-house, cannot find means for living? There is no honest, industrious, resolute individual but can find means. Ye who have been lingering on, hoping for better days, rouse up your energies, feel that you have that within that may stir you up to the best purposes of life. Resolve to find means. It may not be that they will exactly correspond with your taste; but it is an honest living you are seeking, and the world is full of material. The very rocks and stones we tread on, which Nature scatters so liberally, may be converted into gold. They are hewn into a thousand forms, rise into the noblest structures, and are broken into the macademized pavement beneath our feet. And water, the gift of Heaven, is not suffered to flow idly on, telling its history in gentle murmurs. It is made the source of wealth and industry; it turns wools, spouts forth in streams, and becomes a revenue for thousands. Turn which way you will, and the world is full of materials. But those materials must be converted into use by those who think, those who invent, and those who labor.

MINERAL WEALTH OF VERMONT.—Under her mantle of verdure Vermont conceals her mineral wealth, to the abundance of which no other state in New-England can hold an equal claim. Recent observations have been made by one of the leading geologists of Boston, with the intent to verify the reports of the existence of large amounts of iron ore in the northern portion of the State. The quantity of this ore seems inexhaustible from recent discoveries and scientific researches. The lead mines near Rutland are also very promising. A visit to an iron ore bed in this county showed that affairs were progressing in a favorable manner. A shaft has been sunk to the depth of forty feet, from which drifts were sent out in every direction, under the guidance of a chief miner. The drifts are walled by timbers and slabs to prevent the earth from falling. At the end of each drift a miner works by the light of a tallow candle. In one drift the yellow ochre, the inevitable accompaniment of this ore, was being removed; in another a fine vein of ore had been struck; while a third developed masses of good manganese. The ore is wheeled in barrows along the galleries and raised to the sunlight in baskets propelled by water power. Within a rod of the shaft the ore is freed of the ochre by a revolving washer, and afinlly drawn in long carts over a crazy road of four miles to the furnace.

POPULATION OF CHICAGO.—The new city directory of Chicago will contain 130,000 names, or 20,000 more than last year. The publisher estimates that this will give the city 455,000. It is safe to say that there are over 430,000 people there. On the north side, where less than 10,000 were living the day after the fire, there are now 60,000.

A Colorada party which prospected Arizona pretty thoroughly on both the thirty-second and thirty-fifty parallels, found an abundance of rubies, almandines, chalcedony, and brilliant crystals, resembling diamonds, but they are believed not to be such.

Indian Gang Robbers.

I do not profess to be a lover of adventure. A life of romance and excitement may suit one of those eccentric characters who speak of "roughing it" as something delightful; but, as for me, the comforts of civilized life are far more desirable than all the prairies, jungles, night encampments, and narrow escapes in the world. It was all very well for Cowper to long "for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade;" but I am certain that if he ever had succeeded in finding such a spot, he would have beaten a rather hasty retreat out of it.

Perhaps, my reader, you may think it rather strange that such a matter-of-fact sort of person as I am should have an adventure to tell you about. But truly, "this life is a difficult riddle;" for, without wishing to be a hero, I became one.

You wish to hear how this happened? Well, then, wait till I have lighted a cigar, and ensconced myself comfortably in the easy chair, and I will spin you such a yarn as will quite astonish you, particularly when you remember that it comes from a sober individual like me.

It was in the days when railways had not yet made their appearance in India, that I thought of taking a trip from Madras to Hyderabad. Of course, when I made known my intention to some friends and relations of mine, they were quite shocked at the idea, and warned me very seriously of the peril attending such an undertaking; but, strange to say, nothing could dissuade me from my purpose; and so, after making the necessary arrangements for a journey by land, I found myself *en route* to Hyderabad.

The first few days of my journey were spent very pleasantly. I enjoyed the scenery, stopped at every traveler's bungalow, helped the old butler—a pensioned sepoy—to catch a chicken for my breakfast, smoked, drank sweet toddy, shot at the monkeys that scampered along the sides of the road and, in fact, did anything and everything that would tend to make the time pass agreeably.

I had already completed the greater part of my journey, and was quite elated with myself at having traveled so safely, when one night—"Sahib! Sahib!" cried the Oriental driver, and he jabbered away in Hindustani to the effect that a gang of robbers were rushing down the road to attack us.

The first thing I did on hearing this intelligence was to grope in the darkness for my rifle; but lo! it was nowhere to be found, and then it struck me that I must have left it at the last traveler's bungalow. Here I was in a very unenviable predicament—the driver had disappeared, and I was alone, unarmed, and in danger of being murdered by robbers! On came the Indian brigands; and, without any hesitation, pounced on what little property I carried with me, bound my hands together, and dragged me along with them, till they arrived at a miserable hut in the heart of the forest which bordered the road. The first sight that greeted me sent a thrill of horror all over my body. The skulls and bones of slaughtered men were scattered all over the place. It was then only that I perceived the extent of my danger; and my suspicions regarding the villains' intentions towards me were too well founded. I overheard a conversation, in which they spoke of *making me a sacrifice to their idol!*

By the time I had reached the interior of the hut I was in a state of desperation. What was I to do? How was I to escape? These were questions that greatly perplexed me. But suddenly hope beamed in my heart. Among the few things I brought with me in the transit was a pretty large sized box of opium, which I had anticipated selling to a Hyderabad merchant. Well, I guessed the robbers had a peculiar liking for this commodity, from the appearance of their bloodshot eyes and unnatural thickness of speech. Here was the very thing. If I could only discover where the article in question was, I might yet be all right. I scanned the interior of the hut, and in particular the heap of things which the robbers had taken from the transit, when, to my delight, I beheld the box of opium, I was looking for. Without losing a moment, I addressed the robbers in their own language, telling them that among my things there was a box of opium, and that, as I did not feel very well, I should feel obliged if they would hand me a small quantity to swallow. As soon as they received this piece of information, the whole gang of them—there were ten altogether—rushed to the box indicated, and attacked its contents in the greediest manner possible. It was quite evident that they had not touched their favorite narcotic for a long time. One by one they gradually fell back in a state of stupefaction, at first smiling quite benevolently on each other, and finally sinking into a deep slumber.

Now was the time to act. Cautiously rising from my seat, I contrived, by dint of searching to find a knife, with which I riddled myself of the ropes which bound me. In one corner of the hut I found a clumsy iron instrument, resembling a hammer; this I picked up, and with it aimed a blow at the strongest of the crew.

But I had not been cautious enough. Another gang of robbers—evidently comr

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Sept. 13, '72.

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5 Not agreed upon.	17 R. W. Christie.
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Jeremiah S. Black,	G. W. Woodward,
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Constitutional Delegates,
JOHN M. BAILEY, of Huntingdon.
ANDREW REED, of Mifflin.

Assembly—JOHN H. ORVIS.
Prothonotary—AARON WILLIAMS.
Register—JOHN H MORRISON
Recorder—ISRAEL J. GRENOBLE.
Sheriff—BENJ. F. SHAFER.
Commissioner—AUSTIN HINTON.
Auditor—JOHN SMITH.
Coroner—P. S. FISHER.

Democrats of Centre, we have an excellent county ticket—every man, from Mr. Orvis down to Dr. Fisher, is deserving your support. They are all gentlemen of spotless character and fit to fill the places for which they have been placed in nomination.

Mr. Orvis is known to every voter of the county as one of our ablest and most clearheaded lawyers, and of strict integrity, ever the bitter opponent of rings and jobbing legislators. Every honest man, no matter of what party, should vote for Mr. Orvis for Assembly.

Mr. Shafer is an honest, hardworking farmer, has never been any thing else, and is one of the most esteemed citizens of Nittany valley. He is a man of intelligence and well qualified for Sheriff. Always a true democrat, let every democratic voter now be true to him, and do his best to swell his majority.

Mr. Williams is a poor man, but honest as the day is long; he is young, but in every essential qualified to make a efficient prothonotary. Give him a strong vote; he deserves the support of every good citizen.

Messrs. Morrison and Grenoble, the one for Register, the other for Recorder, have been tried, in these positions, for the last three years, and proven unexceptionable public servants—honest and attentive to their duties—let them be re-elected by increased majorities.

Austin Hinton, one of the honest, hardfisted Yeomanry of Snowshoe an old and respected citizen of our county who bears a spotless character, is a tax-payer and is devoted to the interests of the tax-payers, a better man could not have been nominated for Commissioner.

Hon. John Smith, "honest as the day is long," a man who ever held the interests of the common people foremost, will make the right kind of county Auditor.

Dr. Fisher, is a gallant young democrat of Walker, earnest in the cause, active and always working for the success of the party, a fit man to be Coroner, let every democratic vote be polled for him.

Constitutional Delegates.

The constitutional convention will be a very important body, and we should not be careless in the choice we make of men to compose it. The revision of our state constitution is no small matter, but one of the very greatest importance. The best wisdom, purest and most patriotic motives, and a sole desire to protect the rights and privileges of the people, and to curb the licentiousness of legislation which is the curse of the present day, should be centered in the men who are to compose this important body. Men of this stamp will frame a constitution that will guarantee to us our liberties and protect us against usurpation and misrule, no matter of what party predilection they be, we believe that the honest men of all parties have a desire to see the fundamental law framed with a view to protect the masses in their inherent rights and against the wiles and machinations of unscrupulous politicans, who would infringe upon our rights, divest us of our privileges, if not restrained by the majesty of the constitution, which cannot be to too guarded, as the experience of the last net years has taught us.

The democracy present to the citizens of this senatorial district, two gentlemen for constitutional delegates, worthy of their support, and upon whom they can rely that they will favor no clause in our new magna chartar, that will not be wholesome for the masses, and afford them that security and safety which we look for in the instrument. These men, nominated by the democracy are:

JOHN M. BAILEY, of Huntingdon and

ANDREW REED, of Mifflin.

Messrs. Bailey and Reed have been carefully selected on account of their fitness for so important a position. They are men of standing and character in their own counties, and possess the entire confidence of the people of their own counties, and wherever they are known. Our party is fortunate in having two such esteemed gentlemen upon the ticket. They thoroughly understand the important work which will devolve upon them as members of the constitutional convention.

The litentiousness of our legislatvie bodies, private and special legislation, and the innumerable ills that the people have been subjected to from Harrisburg, each winter, will be checked, with such men as these to revise our state constitution. As it is not strictly a party matter, and as Messrs. Bailey and Reed are just the men for the place, let all honest republicans throw off their prejudice, and vote for these men, as they are so properly fitted for the place.

As the democracy placed them in nomination solely on account of their fitness, of course they will receive our united support.

The Louisville Grant-Side Show of Straight Outs.

A Candidate and yet no Candidate.

The Louisville convention met and adjourned. It was a ridiculous farce. About 600 delegates were present with passes and expenses furnished by the Grant party, to make a straight-out democratic nomination. We think people who did not believe that the Louisville harlot was supported by the Granites, as alledged by the democrats beforehand, are now satisfied of the fact after the revelations that were made at this Grant side-show.

Mr. Lyon's of Virginia was chosen chairman. Among the delegates were three from New York city, whose pictures are in the rogues gallery. One delegate from Louisiana was arrested upon his arrival for a crime.

Brick Pomeroy was the only name familiar to the people of the country, and he always was more harm than good to the party.

George Francis Train was there, but not agreeing exactly with the men who ware acors in this Grant sideshow, he was put out by force, when he got up to express his opinions, which created quite a fuss. Little rows occurred occasionally throughout the proceedings.

Mr. O'Conner was nominated, for president—receiving all the votes but four, which were from Ohio, and went for Pendleton. The convention tried to coerce these into voting to make O'Conner's nomination unanimous, but they stuck out for Pendleton, under the threat of being put out. Here was another little row.

John Q. Adams was then nominated for vice-president.

A telegram was sent to O'Conner of his nomination, and the following reply was received and read to the convention:

THE FATAL TELEGRAM.

NEW YORK, Sept 4, 1872.

To the President of the Convention:

It is impossible for me to accept. I am willing to aid you in everything but that. (Signed)

CHARLES O'CONNER.

This caused great confusion and consternation, among the Grant monkeys of his side-show. What was to be done? A delegate moved that the chairman, Mr. Lyons, be nominated for president, in place of O'Conner. This carried with a rush. But Mr. Lyons arose and also declined. It was then moved that Adams, the nominee for vice, be nominated for president. This was followed by another scene of confusion.

About this time a reply was also received from Mr. Adams saying that he would only stick if O'Conner did, but not otherwise.

A portion of the delegates then agreed that O'Conner be run anyhow; others got to abusing him. The Louisianna delegation got down on him, and got its Dutch up, and withdrew—at this stage another row took place among the monkeys of the side-show—and thus the convention adjourned, and the Grantites throughout the country are much chopfallen because the Louisville broth, which they paid for, spoiled in the cooking.

One of the delegates from Penn'a. has published the following card:

CARD FROM A LOUISVILLE DELEGATE.

To the True Democracy of the United States:—

Representing the Seventeenth district of Pennsylvania in the Convention assembled in this city under the call of Blanton Duncan, I made several attempts to-day in the Convention to be heard. This was denied me, and in the most discourteous manner. by the President, who himself occupied at least two hours in a foolish gasconade about Dickens Dolly Varden. My object was to expose the treason of the Cameron-Hartranft thieves of my own State. The Pennsylvania delegation was composed of all Grant men except myself, not one of whom even intended to vote for the nominee of this Convention. Their transportation to this Convention was obtained and paid for by the Grant people. My own and those of five others, each representing a district in Pennsylvania, I procured in the office of the Grant State Central Committee of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, corner of Eighth and Walnut streets, over a well-known tailoring establishment. For this transportation I had an order from Sipes, Chairman of the Bourbon State Central Committee of Pennsylvania. That order was obeyed by the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, Bob Mackey, who is well known as one of Cameron's subjects. The band of music that accompanied us was furnished and paid for by the same Grant people, and our little banner that was carried by George Mountjoy is the same that designated the seat s in the Radical Convention of the 6th of June, of the Pennsylvania delegation, that nominated U. S. Grant, and which was presided over by Thomas Settle, the rebel, of North Carolina. This is the sum and substance of what I intended to say had the President allowed me to proceed, and I now assure all my Democratic friends who may chance to see this communication that what I have stated here are facts, all of which I am prepared to prove.

W. FISK CONRAD.
Seventeenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania.

The Louisville Courier-Journal gives a sample of the delegates to Grants side show of straightouts:

Yesterday morning near the hour of 10 o'clock, the First street police station was honored by the arrival of a distinguished guest, in the person of Colonel E. N. Hill, chairman of the delegation from the State of Arkansas to the Blanton Duncan Convention in this city. This arrest created considerable stir in this city, especially among the delegates. It was excitedly canvassed by the latter, and various plans suggested for Hill's release, but none were carried into effect. He was arrested on a charge of obtaining money under false pretense.

Last night a reporter noticing the name of A. Colegrove, from Little Rock, Arkansas, on the hotel register alongside of that of Colonel Hill, found Mr. Colegrove in the crowd, and took him quietly to one side.

"Mr. Colegrove," said the reporter, "something ought to be done for Col. Hill. He ought not to be kept in prison to-night. It will be the talk of the town to-morrow, and will injure our cause very much."

The word "our" had been intentionally emphasized, and Mr. Colgrove became communicative at once. During the conversation the reporter adroitly conveyed the impression that I was a Republican.

"How long have you been a Republican? asked Colgrove in a low tone.

"Ever since I knew anything about politics," was the reply, with a mental explanation that the word "Republican" was to be taken in literal sense.

"Have you quit being a Republican?" was the next question, in a still lower tone.

"No, and never expect to."

"Well," said Colgrove—and his voice sunk to a whisper, while his lips sought a closer acquaintance with the left ear of the listener—"I can say the same thing. I never voted a democratic ticket in my life. It is a ticklish thing for me to come as a delegate to a democratic convention. I can't get used to it, and I have been on the point of exposing myself half a dozen times since I have been here. It's hard to talk right, and I have to keep a close watch on my tongue to keep from exposing myself.

Another delegate, R. K. Cummings of Shelby county, Ohio, being dunned for a hotel bill, acknowledged his impecunious condition, but added, "I can get the money of Blant; I used to go to school with him; and if I don't get it of him, I can go up to the postoffice or custom-house and get it.

The Know-nothing Candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

Henry Wilson having tried, in a letter, dated July 29, 1872, to sneak out of the matter of his having been a know-nothing, and one of the most proscriptive kind too, Gen. Albert Pike, settles the matter in a manner which shows that Wilson, formerly Jeremiah Colbath, will lie a little:

A CARD FROM ALBERT PIKE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "Was Henry Wilson a know-nothing?" You say that you are constantly receiving letters asking an answer to this question.

I will answer it. I was a delegate to and member of the National Council of the Know-Nothing Party, in the summer of 1855, at Philadelphia, and one of the seven delegates from a Southern State. I found the present Senator Henry Wilson in that body when I entered it, and he sat in it during the whole session, and helped settle the platform—being one of the seven delegates of Massachussetts.

To be there, he had taken the same oath which we all had taken on entering the order, i. e., not to assist in elevating to any office of trust o profit any person of foreign birth, or any Roman Catholic. The oath is as binding on him now as it was then.

My name will assure that I know of which I speak. I object to Mr. Wilson's sneaking out of the scrape, by both the *suppressio veri and suggestio falsi.*

ALBERT PIKE.

Washington City, August 22, 1872.

[No intelligent citizen of any part of the United States needs to be told who Albert Pike is, and no one doubts his absolute veracity. We append to his statement above a copy of the know-nothing oath as administered in the Massachusetts Lodges. Mr. Pike has seen this, and vouches for it as the same obligation which he took himself. If Senator Wilson should become President, he would thus be kept, by an oath under whose obligation he still rests, from appointing to office the representatives of over one-third of the population, and bound to use all his influence to prevent their obtaining office. Perhaps he might prove as true to his obligations as did Pres. Grant to those he took with Baez, through Babcock, to exert his influence with the House and Senate on the question of Santo Domingo.—*Ed.*]

TEXT OF OATH TAKEN BY HENRY WILSON IN 1854.

In the presence of the true and ever living God, and on those sacred Scriptures, *His* Holy Word, I do declare that I will truly fulfil all my obligations toward my brethern of the Order of the Know-Nothings, and that I will keep sacred all the signs, tokens, pass and degree words, emblems and proceedings of said Order. * * * And I further declare and solemnly swear that I will not knowingly vote for, appoint, or elect any person of foreign birth, or a Roman Catholic, to any office in the local or general administration of the American Government; and I further delare and swear that I will use all the means in my power to counteract and destroy the influence of the foreigners and Catholics in the administration of the Government of the United States, and in any and all parts thereof, both local and general. To all this, a free and voluntary obligation on my part, without reservation, I pray that I may ever be able to remain true and steadfast, so help me God.

[Though this oath seems comprehensive enough, it was explicitly understood to comprise more; because on the occasion of taking it the formula was that "the President (of the Lodge) will address the brethern as follows:")

"As a member of this patriotic Lodge, it will become your duty to disregard all personal interests and predilections in the services of your country, in order that the corrupt and evil influence of foreigners may be effectually combated and destroyed, and here it will be understood, sons of foreigners and of Roman Catholics are included."

Buckalew and the Fishing Creek Conspiracy.

The editor of the Shenandoah, Schuylkill county, Herald, a republican and a supporter of Grant, refering to the radical papers charging Buckalew with having had a hand in the so-called "Fishing Creek Confederacy," says:

"We know this charge is false, for we were on the spot and took part in the celebrated campaign to crush it. Well do we remember the heroic charge we made on the supposed battlements of confederates after a fortnight's preparation, reconnoitering, scouting and picketing, and quite vivid is the picture still in our mind of the disgusted countenances of the one theusand braves as they reached the summit of the mountain where we were taught to believe the Fishing Creek army was massed, and which for one long month we had regarded with awe and expectancy, and found not a man, nor the meanest evidence that a man had ever been there. Such was our extreme disappointment that our sojourn in Columbia county was shortened none too soon, but a few days elapsed before not a soldier was to be seen where for six weeks all had been bustle and activity. The government was beautifully fooled by a few people who wanted to see the soldiers. In a word, impartial reader, let us inform you that such a thing as a confederacy to resist the United States government never existed in Columbia county; that the trouble that existed there during the conversation the reporter adroitly conveyed the impression that I was that interesting period of time when the draft was so severe amounted to nothing more than what existed in this and other counties of the state, and that was the desertion of a few men that had been drafted and their refusal to appear when summoned in defense of their country. No open resistance, no organization in opposition to the federal authorities, nothing but the act of a few men who fled to escape being forced into the army—and this is the history of the "Fishing Creek confederacy."

Another of the Ring Nominees.

It has come to light that Gen. (?) Chas. Albright, one of the Ring nominees for Congress at large, played the role of bounty jumper during the war. It appears that when the government made a demand upon Banks township Carbon county for her quota of one hundred men, Albright took the bounty from Banks, was enlisted as one of the one hundred, deserted the next day, under a previous arrangement, from the ranks as a private, was mustered in as an officer, and by that act, gave but ninety nine men to the Government, although the rolls showed one hundred and the needs of the Government required one hundred. The Carbon Democrat makes the following resume:

Let it be remembered that General Albright at the time of his mustering in, had absolutely received his commission as colonel of the regiment, and this fact he concealed, that his grasping avaricious hands might clasp the $500 bounty, intended for some poor soldier, not an officer. He entered the services of the United States as a private with a commission as colonel in his pocket, he received the money of the government and of Banks township for services he never performed and he was mustered out on the following day, his greed having been satisfied, and his experience as a private having already been sufficient for his aristocratic sensibilities. The township was defrauded, the country was defrauded, and the army was defrauded, by this action of Albright. And now in conclusion we ask of the General, did you or did you not go as the substitute of A. L. Mumper?

John F. Dee, prominent Republican of Syracuse, is making Greeley and Brown speeches.

G. H. Schofield, one of the Iowa Grant electors in 1868, repudiates Grant and has declared for Greeley.

Two hundred and thirty-two Republicans in the town of Walkill, Orange county, have declared for Greely and Brown.

D. C. Greenfield, Republican Surrogate of Onondaga county from 1865 to 1870, repudiates Grant and supports Greeley.

General Wm. M. Gregg, formerly Republican Sheriff of Chemung county, repudiates Grant and has declared for Greeley.

W. Richardson, of Syracuse, Republican clerk of the ways and means committee of the last Assembly, is out for Greeley.

Two members of the Legislature recently chosen in North Carolina, on the Caldwell ticket, have already come out for Greeley.

The Elmira Gazette publishes a call for a Greeley Republican county Convention for Chemung county to meet next Saturday, signed by over 300 Republicans.

The Augusta, Ga., Chronicle and Sentinel announces that ex-Governor Herschel V. Johnson does not countenance the Louisville movement, and will vote for Mr. Greeley.

Sherwood Nominated.

The democratic congressional conferees met at Lock Haven, on Tuesday, last, and unanimously nominated Hon. Henry Sherwood, for re-election to congress. Every county in the district had instructed for Mr. Sherwood, and it was only a just tribute to his worth. We are proud of our representative, and we defy the radical press to say ought against him. This completes the democratic ticket—and what noble men, all through.

Democrats, to work.

Dr. Schoeppe's second trial has ended, and he was acquitted.

The Provinzial Correspondenz (a semi-official organ) says that the meeting of the three Emperors is the pledge of an entente cordiale between Germany, Russia, and Austria, and evidence that those great empires have accepted the new order of things growing out of the Franco-German war. It further says that Europe may rely that the aim of the Conference is peace and the maintenance of a settled condition in Europe.

The Volksfreund, published in Lancaster city, this week hauls down the name of Hartranft and Allen, and takes square issue against the treasury ring.

Democratic Victory in Wilmington—Immense Gains—Democratic Mayor Elected.

WILMINGTON, Delaware, September 5.—The election in Wilmington to-day, resulted in heavy Democratic gains. Joshua L. Simms, Democrat, was elected Mayor by over one hundred majority, being the first Democratic Mayor elected since 1860. There are Republican losses in every ward.

Grant's Beef-Eaters in our Custom-Houses.

England had her rotten boroughs. We have our rotten custom-houses. But there is this difference between England and ourselves, that when the rotten-borough system did prevail there was no Tory in the land so brazen as to maintain that the party upholding it were economical or great reformers, while with us the very upholders of the rotten custom-houses are travelling all over the United States; spouting on every stump, vaunting in every newspaper of their party, the great reforms they have inaugurated and the economy they practise. Here is an example of their reform. Albemarle, in North Carolina, is a port of entry—a very modest port. The total foreign commerce of Albemarle during the calendar year ending December 31, 1871, was:

Imports	$336
Exports	Nil

To superintend this foreign trade of Albemarle, amounting in the aggregate to $336, it required the following officials:

Officials.	Salary, actual cost for 1871.
1 collector	$1,991.55
1 deputy collector and clerk	1,000.00
1 deputy collector	1,400.00
1 deputy collector	1,095.00
2 boat hands	480.00
1 coast inspector	365.00
Total	$5,791.55

The figures are official, and the above expenditure was actually incurred during 1871 to take care of a total commerce amounting to $336. Now, we simply ask who should be more ashamed—a whole people for being subjected to such a rotten swindle, or an Administration that boasts of reform and economy allowing it to go on for the three years that they are in power?

Hartranft and the Evans Fraud.

Hiding out of sight the stock-gambling operation, of General Hartranft with the funds of the State, all honest men will concede that if he was complicated in any many with the Evans fraud, he is unfit to be Governer of the State.

How is this matter? General Hartranft was Auditor-General when Evans was selected to collect certain war claims for the State. He made the bargain with Evans in relation to the compensation for collection. He knew Evans was receiving money and holding it. And yet, knowing there facts he never looked after this agent of the State, and utterly failed to make any report in regard to him, as required of the Auditor-General by the law. A loan of $7,000 brought directly home to Hartranft the knowledge that Evans was successful in his collection of the claims of Pennsylvania at Washington. But instead of awakening his vigilance in behalf of the public interests, it caused him to neglect them, and Evans get possession of over $300,000 of the money of the State, which was divided among the war claims "Ring." Had General Hartranft done his duty in relation to the Evans matter, had he refused the seven thousand dollar loan, the State would not have lost a cent. Do not these facts connect General Hartranft with the Evans fraud? Does not this state of facts show simplicity with wrong-doers?

But, say the friends of General Hartranft, the report of the investigating Committee of the Senate exonorates him from any connection with the Evans fraud. Not so. On the contrary, the condemnation of his silence is most marked and significant. Look at the following passages taken from that report:

"Your committee have not language sufficiently strong to express their disapprobation of so bad an outrage, or fitting terms in which to characterize those in official position who seek to palliate or excuse the wrong.

"Evans collected $184,168.34 and retains the whole. State officials knew this fact or three years before it became public, and the neglect to report the transaction to the Legislature, is regarded by us as a gross dereliction of official duty.

"Nor can we perceive the necessity for such absolute silence in regard to the whole subject as seems to have prevailed in official circles at Harrisburg, until the scrutiny of an intelligent subordinate dragged the whole into the public gaze.

"We cannot but express our disappointment of the looseness of official routine that placed in the hands of Evans over a million of dollars of valuable assets, without requiring from him any security whatever."

Honest men will fail to see in these official utterances any release of General Hartranft from the Evans bondage. He was cognizant of the whole transaction, from first to last. He made the bargain with Evans by which the State was fleeced; he knew Evans was holding the money instead of paying it into the State Treasury, and he neglected to inform the Legislature of these facts. If this does not put him in the same disreputable category with Evans, then evidence is of no account in fixing facts and determining responsibilities.

General Hartranft is complicated, badly complicated, in the Evans fraud, and that will prevent him from being Governor of the State of Pennsylvania.

Grant's Sayings.

It may interest the Grant men, who are so fond of quoting Greeley, to read what Grant has said. We give specimens below:

"There is such universal acquiescence in the authority of the general government throughout the portions of the Southern States visited by me, that the mere presence of a military force, without regard to numbers, is sufficient to maintain order."—Grant's Report to Congress in 1866.

"I am a democrat, and when I am convinced that this war is waged to prosecute the designs of the abolitionists, I pledge my honor as a soldier that I will carry my sword on the other side, and cast my lot with that people."—Grant in 1868.

LONDON, August 29.—Advices from India received here report that the cholera is raging fiercely at Lahorgong and Meenam. In the former city it has carried off thousands of inhabitants, and the greatest consternation prevails among the people. At Meenam, also, its ravages have been terrible. The authorities are exercising every means to check the progress of the fatal disease.

The republican convention of Lycoming county has nominated H. W. Watson for congres. The vote stood, Watson 88, A. G. Curtin 64. The Hon. A. G. Curtin's name was used without his knowledge or consent.

The following notice appears in the Boston Post of Tuesday moring.

To Henry

524 Seventh Street, South Boston, August 30, 1872. Hon, Henry Wilson. Sir: If you wish to refresh your memory in relation to your connection with the know-nothing party of 1854-5-6, you can do so by calling at 37 Congress street, Boston, wher you will find the gentleman who admintered to you, in your native town of Natick, the highest obligation of the Know Nothing order, and who was at your house the same night that you took the obligaton. Respectfully yours,

W. P. Cherrington.

It may be a matter of congratulation to the 'Straight-outs" to know that Robb, the Ohio man who donated the bull-pup to Grant, upon which the latter refused to pay express charges, is one of Blanton Duncan's recruits.

Under Johnson the whole Judiciary system cost the people, in 1867-8 just $723,368. 57.

In 1870, Grant squandered $2,610,-352.53 on this branch of the Civil Service.

In 1871, Grant managed to increase this gross waste of the public money up to $3,320,918.98.

"The liberties of the country cannot be maintained without a one-term amendment to the Constitution."—Grant in 1868.

Letters From India.

CENTRE HALL ABROAD.

LETTER NO, IV.

[Concluded]

That is Penamen, ex-Doorkeeper of the temple of the sun, there in that salmon-colored wrapper. He has been out of employment though for a long time. On the shelves around him lie Tuhous, daughter of Heraclius and Serpaous, if you know who they were; Cleopatra of the family of Soter; Eniatef a king of one of the earlier dynasties; Soter, Archon of Thebes, and many other old worthies who lived and loved and struggled three or four thousand years before the birth of Christ. Another room contains Egyptian, Grecian and Roman antiquities, all arranged in chronological order, from the earliest monuments of the Egyptian Pharaohs down to the latest memorials of Roman history. Here may be seen relics from Thebes and Memphis at least as early as the time of the Judges in Israel; sculptured ornaments from the Parthenon at Athens made in the days of Pericles: the finest specimens of Roman art, from the time of her earliest history to the age of Trajan &c., recovered from Pompeii and Herculaneum' sculptured remains from Xanthus the ancient capital of Lycia, probably three centuries older than those from the Parthenon at Athens, and so ad infinitum.

In another room are exposed the sculptures found by Layard in the palace of Nimrovd at Nineveh. There are probably no other objects in the museum of such important interest. These marbles, whether we consider them as works of art, as engraved histories, or as corroborations of the truth of scripture, are every way remarkable. Here may be seen the collosal winged man-headed Bull a description of which I remember of reading when a school boy in Centre Hall. I have suffered from this old cotemporary of Sardanapalus, as I stood before the massive bull. I remembered the incident: John Harper was the teacher and he kept me in after the rest of the boys were dismissed for reading irrelevant books during study hours. I was reading an account of this identical bull. Opposite is a man-headed winged lion. "The first was like a lion and had eagles wings," Dan'l. VII, 4. Around the room are ranged almost numberless other Assyrian antiquities belonging to the period of Sardanapalus the Great, who reigned nearly 1000 years B. C. In other rooms are contained Zoological specimens, from the Mastodon to the titmouse; fossil remains and minerals; portraits of many of the most eminent men in the history of the past; the noble collection of books formed by George III, and to which others have been added until they now form a library of upwards of 600,000 volumes; autograph letters of Lord Bacon, Milton, Voltaire, Queen Elizabeth, Shakespere, Anne Boleyn, old Sam Johnson, and hundreds of others of the great ones of earth; forming altogether such a collection of antiquities, Minerals, Fossils, Zoological and Botanical specimens as can be seen nowhere else on earth. We shall not soon forget our visit to the British museum. Another place of almost equal interest is "Old St. Paul's." It rears its noble proportions over the ashes of many churches. It is said to occupy the site of an ancient temple of Diana. The present is the fifth christian church and occupied thirty five years in building. It is a massive structure. The circumference of the building is nearly half a mile. The elevation of the cross, by which it is surmounted, is 804 feet from the foundation. The hight of the cross itself is 30 feet and weighs 3300 lbs. The bell is said, sends its peal to a distance of 20 miles on a calm day. In the inside are the monuments of the illustrious dead. Here repose the ashes of the great among all professions-soldiers, sailors, philosophers, lawyers, poets and painters. The area of the cathedral is ranged around with very fine statuary, among others are the figures of Lord Nelson, Sir John Moore, John Howard, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Cornwallis—the same that once held an interview with Washington in front of Yorktown, the unfortunate Packenham, who went down in that storm of iron hail set in motion by "Old Hickory," at New Orleans, Capt. Cooke &c. In the crypt below are the tombs of Nelson, Wellington, Lawrence, and others. In one of the lower chambers, is the baron chariot, cast out of a cannon captured at the battle of Waterloo, on which the remains of the Duke of Wellington was drawn through the streets of London on their way to burial. The Great Bell and geometrical staircase with hangs without any visible support, a much smaller one, on the same principle can be seen in Girard College Philadelphia.

The Crystal Palace, which took us Americans down so surpassingly in '54 is another place which no stranger should fail to visit. It is said to be *par excellence* the greatest sight in London. Its parks, pleasure-grounds, gardens and fountains; its unequaled architectural courts, its noble series of portrait busts, its statuary music and picture galleries make the wonder of Europe.

Westminster Abbey is another of the historic places of London. This magnificent pile is built in the shape of a Latin cross. The view of the interior is uncommonly grand. It is the burial place of the sovereigns and princes of England. Here also is an apartment appropriated to the reception of monuments and mortal relics of poets and men of letters. Chaucer, Shakespere, Benj. Jonson, Addison, Macaulay, and numerous other persons of distinction, have memorials here. Here also may be seen the famous stone which Edward I. brought from Scotland, traditionally said to be the very pillow on which Jacob reposed when he had his beatific at Bethel(?)

But the place, which next to the holy city, has possessed for me, from my very boyhood, the most profound interest, is the "Old Tower." Of this in my next.

CENTRE HALL.

The Contest Between the Metropolis and the State.

An examination of the vote of 1869 and 1871 will show how the state elections turn between the city of Philadelphia and the rural districts.

Republican majority in '69 was 14,490 of which the city gave 11,464. In '71 the Republican majority was 4,596, of which the city gave 4,400. We see, therefore, that the towns and counties of the state gave only 169 votes of majority excluding the city.

The whole state gave only a majority of 169, while the city returns 4,400. Now, nothing is plainer than that this state contest is between the city and the country. It is the boast of Cameron and his adherents that the city will give Hartranft a large majority. This boast can only be realized in the manipulations of city elections. The floating vote of the city is so large, and Cameron's fortune ample enough to buy this corrupt element. Indeed it is proven that the "Treasury Ring putting the state's money on interest in banks from which they realize $100,000, are using this vast sum to debauch the election of the city. But the friends of honest government have selected a board of attorney's to prosecute in the courts all violation of either election on registry laws. The most vigilant supervision will be maintained to return an honest vote.

But there also remains a duty for us. Will we of the rural district come forth and do our whole duty? Will we put forth our whole energy, to over-balance the city vote? Republicans are indifferent—are dissatisfied with their ticket. What can we do? We can inform ourselves about the doing of Hartranft & Co. and ask our Republican neighbor to explain it. We can distribute documents, coming from eminent Republicans, which prove the corruption of our state treasury. We can appeal to their love of honesty and ask them to examine their own papers and the speeches and letters of prominent Republicans on our state affairs. We can, in short, throw our energy into this contest, and bring out every vote. Will we do it?

Remember that agitation is the great moulder and determiner of public opinion. Agitation alone will elect the purest statesman governor—I mean Hon. Charles R. Buckalew. He appeals to every lover of pure and honest government, be he Democrat or Republican. Up, honest voters, and do your whole duty.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Boutwell claims that nearly $300,-000,000 of the debt has been paid off by Grant in three years. Admitting this to be so, what credit attaches to Grant? These hundreds of millions certainly didn't come out of his breeches pocket. No part or parcel of it was paid out of the bonds, houses, or money received by him in the form of presents from expectants of Presidential favor. It came from the pockets of the people in the shape of duties and taxes.

The Lawrence Tribune thinks grapes will be so plentiful this season that they will be sold for two cents a pound.

A table of statistics showing the debts of the Southern States before the war, compared with the increased debts of those same States under their present carpet-bag Governments:

	Before the war.	At present.
Alabama	$ 7,945,000	$52,761,917
Arkansas	2,084,179	19,398,009
Florida	370,617	16,797,587
Georgia	2,959,750	42,500,000
Louisiana	11,990,000	49,021,734
Mississippi	None	1,097,431
North Carolina	12,689,245	34,887,464
South Carolina	4,407,956	22,480,516
Texas	2,000,000	14,930,000
Virginia	35,248,141	47,050,896
Total	$76,445,899	$291,626,015

HEIR'S SALE OF

Real Estate.

Will be exposed to public Sale, on the premises, in Gregg twp., Centre county, on Saturday, September 16th 1872, at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late of Elizabeth Neese, dec'd., to wit: A VALUABLE FARM and tract of land, situated in said twp., on the public road leading from the forks to Spring Mills, bounded by lands of J. B. Heckman, J. Gentzel, P. Shook and others, containing 223 acres and 135 perches, of which 150 acres are clear and under good cultivation, with good fences; thereon erected TWO MANSION HOUSES, BANK BARN 100 feet long, and all other necessary outbuildings. There is a never-failing spring at the door, and a LARGE ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises.

TERMS.—Five hundred dollars on confirmation of sale, and one half of the remainder on the 1st of April, next, and the balance in one year thereafter, with interest, to be secured by Bond and Mortgage upon the premises.

PETER NEESE, CATHERINE GENTZEL,
WM W NEESE, JAMES NEESE,
Heirs.

aug23

STEAM SEPARATOR and Shingle Mill for Sale.—The undersigned offers his 10-horse power steam engine and Geyser seperator, and 8-horse power engine and shingle mill, for sale. These machines have only been run two years and are in good order. Terms easy. The undersigned will accompany the purchaser, if desired, to instruct in the use of the same. Apply to

G.EO. REESER,
Aaronsburg, Pa.

july26.4t

PUMPS!
Wooden Pumps,
AND
PIPING.

The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Centre county, and Pennsvalley in particular, to the fact that he is manufacturing

THE BEST PUMP,

made at home or elsewhere. He uses none but the best material, HE WARRENTS THEM to give satisfaction, as being the most lasting and durable, SUPERIOR TO THE OLD iron pump, being arranged to let the water off and prevent freezing in winter.

Pine, poplar or cucumber pumps always on hand. His matirial for pumps is all sawed from large timber, and are thus Secured against Checking or Cracking.

All orders by mail promptly filled. PIPING, made of the best material, of five inch scantling, joined together with coupling blocks, thoroughly banded, and warranted to stand any pressure required for ordinary use. Prices of piping range from 12 to 18 cents per foot. Send orders to sept.30.1y J. TELLER,
Milesburg, Pa.

NEW HARDWARE STORE!

J. & J. HARRIS,

NO. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW

A new and complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Brockerhoff's new building—where they are prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails.

Buggy wheels in setts, Champion Clothes Wringer, Mill Saws, Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Ice Cream Freezers, Bath Tubs, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate of all sizes, Picture Frames, Wheelbarrows, Lamps, Coal Oil Lamps, Belting, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, Plows, Cultivators, Corn Plows, Plow Points, Shear Mold Boards and Cultivator Teeth, Table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails Norway Rods. Oils. Lard, Lubricating, Coal, Linseed, Tanners. Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Screw Plates, Blacksmiths Tools, Factory Bells, House Bells, Dinner Bells, Gong Bells, Tea Bells, Grindstones, Carpenter Tools, Fruit Jars and Cans, Paints, Oils, Varnishes received and for sale at

J. & J. HARRIS.

june5 68,1y.

FURNITURE!

Grand Opening
FOR 1872.
AT
JOHN CAMP'S
MILROY,

where he has opened with a very large stock of the latest styles, both fancy and common

Parlor, Chamber and Kitchen Furniture.

CHAIRS,
of all kinds.

All kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch having four good workmen at the bench. I am prepared to do all kinds of custom work, fine or common. Thankful for past favors, I hope by strict attention to business you and everybody else will show smiling faces at my new ware rooms.

JOHN CAMP.

jan12.tf.

THE LOGAN CEMENT CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers IN
SUPERIOR CEMENT.

The Cement is of the very Best Quality, guaranteed to be Superior to any in the State.

All orders sent by mail should be address-ed to W. P. M'MANUS, Agent,
P. O. Box, 16, Bellefonte, Centre Co. Pa.
26 July tf.

New Clothing Store
A. STERNBERG,

engaged to manage for I. L. Reizenstein, in the corner building, opposite Hoffer's store, Bellefonte, has established a new Clothing Store, where the best bargains in the county are offered.

$7.50 to $15 for Suits of the finest Cassimere.
HATS, CAPS

and a full and complete assortment of every thing in the line of Clothing.

**Gent's Furnishing Go

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRIDAY Sept. 13., 1872.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

Democratic County Committee.

The following gentlemen have been appointed members of the Democratic County Committee, for the ensuing year.

Bellefonte	N. W. B	Galbraith
"	S. W.	John Given
"	W. W. S	A McQuistion
Milesburg Borough		Jas F Weaver
Howard	"	Balser Weber
Phillipsburg	"	William Riddles
Unionville	"	B F Leathers
Benner Township		Samuel Ishler
Boggs	"	Jas L Neff
Burnside	"	Robert Askey
Curtin	"	John McClosky
Furguson	"	John B Mitchell
Gregg	"	John Grove
Haines	"	William B Mingle
Half Moon	"	William Cross
Harris	"	James Gilliland
Howard	"	Geo D Johnson, Mt. E
Huston	"	Dan'l Irwin J. A.
Liberty	"	Dan'l Bitner
Marion	"	Robt F Holmes
Miles	"	Harvey Corman
Patton	"	G W Rumberger
Pattoff	"	Wm K Alexander
Penn	"	Geo Stover
Potter	"	Geo McGaffey
Rush	"	B F Hinton
Snow Shoe	"	Emanuel D Noll
Spring	"	Samuel Hoover
Taylor	"	Aaron R Hall
Union	"	A C Geary
Walker	"	E P Jones P. M.
Worth	"	R. H. FORSTER

Chairman.

DEMOCRATIC MEETINGS!

RALLY! MEN OF CENTRE!

The Chairman of the Democratic County Committee announces meetings at the following places, viz:

WHITE HALL School House, Ferguson township, on Saturday evening, September 14th 1872.

ROCK HILL School House, Harris township, on Monday evening, September 16th 1872.

LOOP School House, Potter township, on Tuesday evening September 17th 1872.

PENN HALL, Gregg township, on Wednesday evening, September 18th 1872.

WOODWARD, Haines township, on Thursday evening, September 19th 1872.

BROOMGARD'S School House, Miles township, on Friday evening, September 20th 1872.

REBERSBURG, Miles township, on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, September 21st 1872.

Millheim, Penn township, on Saturday evening, September 21st 1872.

The above meetings will be addressed by MILES ZENTMYER, Esq., of Huntington county, D. C. FORTNEY, Esq., of Bellefonte, and other able speakers, who will discuss the issue of the present campaign in a fair and impartial manner. All citizens who favor REFORM in the National and State administrations are earnestly requested to be present. Democrats are especially called upon to give their attention to these meetings. R. H. FORSTER, Chairman.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On 2nd inst., Lydia, daughter of Andrew Keller, of Potter twp., whilst walking from her grandfather's to her home, a distance of about 30 rods, dropped dead in the road, from heart disease. Her age was 13 years, 11 months, and 1 day. She was in seeming good health before.

—We are requested to notice, that the church rangers, who fill and drill in front of the church doors, at the close of services, on Sabbath evenings had better disband, and quit the practice, if they wish to keep out of trouble. We did call attention to this pernicious practice once before.

It will be a rich treat to hear E. O. Perrin, at the Court-house, Friday night, 13th. Go all, Democrats, and Republicans.

—Centre Hall sent a pic-nic to Milroy, on last Saturday. The folks had a fine time, no doubt, save the variety that was put in by one of the teams, mules, hitched to a large wagon, which broke loose in the morning before the party had started, and in the first two rods, took a locust tree, in front of Spangler's hotel, between them. The tree stood, so did the wagon, but the animals went on. The tree had its face badly barked, and the wagon its tongue and various cross-pieces wrecked. The animals were caught, the wagon furnished with another tongue &c., and the party started. At Milroy the team tried the trick again, but were held. On arriving at home, about midnight the animals again took fright, but were held, resulting in another broken tongue.

Mifflin county court was in session last week.

Com. vs. Reuben Keller, indicted for selling liquor without license. After jury was called and empannelled, defendant plead guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs of prosecution. Under a second indictment for selling liquor without license, defendant plead guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs of prosecution. In a third case for selling liquor on Sunday the jury found the defendant not guilty, but to pay the costs.

Com. vs. Franklin Keller, indictment for selling liquor without license and also for keeping a gambling house, ignored and county to pay costs.

Com. vs. Reuben Keller, indictment keeping a gambling house, not a true bill and county to pay cost.

A man, whose name we are unable to learn, engaged in hauling logs to Well's mills, near Osceola, halted and seated himself on a log for a moment, and hearing the report of a rifle across a little ravine, arose just in time to receive a ball in the leg, near his hip. The wound was not a dangerous one, but might have been more serious had he not risen at the moment, for the bullet would have struck him in the breast. Who fired the shot, or whether it was intentional or merely the random shot of a careless hunter, is a mystery.—*Journal.*

—The church bummers of Centre Hall, under effective drill, formed in two columns, two deep, in front of the Lutheran church on Sunday evening last. They stood guard till the last appearance of a female had vanished in the darkness. Brave boys! How considerate you are! May your patriotism never grow less, and your good sense vastly increase.

Levi Miller radical candidate for sheriff, is making himself very numerous, over here, of late, and has taken a mania for shaking hands. That's all right, Levi, but when Ben. Shafer shakes you in October, you'll not know where the sun rises for a fortnight.

It is reported that Ben. Shafer, our gallant nominee for Sheriff owns three farms and has an imcome of $7000 per year from turnpike stock. All false; he has no income from turnpike stock and owns but a small farm, every inch of which he earned by hard labor.

Democratic Club.

The old veterans of the Democracy assembled at the school-house, of Centre Hall, Sept., 7th, for the purpose of organizing a "Democratic Club."

On motion, ex-Judge Hosterman was elected president, and J. L. Spangler for secretary. After a full discussion of the propriety of forming a permanent club and of securing harmony in the party throughout the township, the meeting adjourned to meet at the Loop school-house Sept., 16th for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization, when speakers from abroad will be present.

Our Friend, H. P. Zerby, informs us that he has a tomato stalk that measures 9 feet, and several of its branches 7 feet.—He also tells us that he planted two stalks of Early Rose potatoes which produced 109 good sized potatoes. His wishes are that Greeley and Buckalew may receive a majority similar to his potato crop.

TURN OUT! AND HEAR PERRIN.

E. O. Perrin, of New York, and one of the most entertaining speakers in the country, will address the Democracy at the court-house, on Friday evening, 13th.

Turn out, old and young men of all parties, it is worth a day's journey to hear the famous Perrin. Turn out, from the valley.

We publish announcements for a series of democratic meetings to be held in this valley, to which we direct the attention of our readers. Turn out—good speakers will be at hand.

TO THE FARMERS OF PENNSVALLEY.—Mr. Thos. M. Weaver, has been appointed for the Danville Farmer's Fire Insurance Co. and will operate throughout Penns and Brush Valleys from this date. Post office address, Bellfonte, Pa.
Sept. 9 1872. C. R. GEARHART. Gen'l. agent.

The Logan Cement comp., advertised in the Reporter, has one of the best cement quarries in the state, as testified by competant men. The cement has proven of so Excellent a quality, that orders from a distance are constantly received. It is used by bridge and railroad companies, as superior to any now made. Our people should mark this important information if they need cement, Always get the best.

TAKE NOTICE—that S. F. Reninger is the best traveling Clock and Watch maker, that now travels this county. Persons having clocks and watches that need repairing need not send them from their homes, as Mr. Reninger will be around and do their work to satisfaction, warranted for one year and at reasonable charges. He has had 15 years experience in that business.

—Mr. F. Arnold, of Centre Hill brought a whopper of an apple, a Grindstone sweet, to our office, a few days ago, which measured 14½ inches in circumference. Mr. Arnold says it is a regular Buckalew apple; it can be seen here.

The Election Laws of Pennsylvania; digested and arranged with note and judicial decisions to the year 1872. By F. Jordan, Secretary of the Commonwealth has just been issued by B. Singerly, State Printer, Harrisburg. It is a valuable guide to election officers and others. Price in cloth $1.00, or twelve copies for ten dollars. Address the publisher.

Centre county has an abundant apple crop this year. Cider is selling from $1.25 to $1.50 per barrel and apples at 20 cents per bushel.

"I only voted at one Presidential election, and then I voted for Buchanan."—Grant in 1866.

Indian Massacre in Pennsvalley, 1778

Mr. J. B. Linn furnishes the following to the Republican:

In an old letter, dated May 9, 1778, from "Old Town Juniata," now Lewistown, Arthur Buchannon then stationed at that point, writes to George Stewart, the sub-Lieutenant of Cumberland county, that he had just received by Robert Moore, the express rider, a letter from Capt. Bell stationed at Bald Eagle, stating that Simon Vaugh, one of his company was killed on the 8th inst., at the house of John Davis on Bald Eagle Creek: Robert Mere being sent off express to inform me of what had hapened came through Pennsvalley and stopped at the house of Jacob Standford to feed his horse when he found Stanford killed and seeing no one about the house, he immediately rode off. On the 11th Buchannan writes again that another express had come in from Major Miles in Pennsvalley, which informed him that on last Friday, Jacob Stanford, his wife and daughter were inhumanly killed and scalped, and his son a lad of ten or eleven years old is yet missing. Col. Samuel Hunter writes from Sunbury, on the 14th that he had received an express on Monday, informing him that the Indians had killed and scalped one Jacob Stanford, his wife and two children, being all that was of the family.

I have not been able to ascertain where John Davis' house was on Bald Eagle Creek; but in a conversation with Christian Dale, Sr., he told that his father Henry Dale, who was one of the first settlers in the Valley, came to Stanford's house while the bodies of the dead were still warm, that pursuit was made of the Indians who crossed the seven mountains; that in crossing one of the streams one of their number accidentally shot himself and in their haste to get away they deserted him.

Henry Dale assisted in burying the dead at Stanford's. Christian Dale says there were four of his family, or four altogether murdered; differing from the statement in the letters. Ephram Keller's farm three miles West of the Old Fort, was the scene of this massacre and the dead are buried in a corner of one of his fields, where their graves may still be seen. Robert Moore the express rider lived up about the end of Nittany mountain many years afterwards and no doubt his descendants are still in the county.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

The examinations not already past, will be held as follows: commencing at 9 o'clock a. m., at which time the Secretary will be expected to have the class organized and in readiness, so as to cause no delay. Applicants for schools will be required to attend the examination in the district where they expect to teach, unless they procure a written request to the contrary from the proper board of directors. All should be provided with paper, pen and ink.

Howard Bore—Saturday, Aug. 31.
Harris—Boalsburg, Saturday, Sept. 7
Gregg—Penn Hall, Wednesday, 11,
Penn—Millheim—Thursday, Sept. 12
Haines—Aaronsburg, Friday, 13
Miles—Rebersburg, Saturday, 14
Potter—Centre Hall, Wednesday and Thursday. 18th and 19
Ferguson—Pine Grove Mills, Wednesday, 25
Halfmoon—Stormstown, Thursday, 26
Patton—Waddle's school-house, Friday 27th
Benner—Armagast's school-house, Saturday, 28th
Snow Shoe and Burnside—Askey's school-house, Monday, 30th 1 p. m.,
Walker—Hublersburg, Friday, Oct. 4
Marion—Jacksonville, Saturday, 5
Spring—Valentine's school-house, Monday, 7
Taylor & Worth—Port Matilda, Wednesday, 9
Huston—Julian Furnace, Thursday, 10
Union—Unionville, Friday, 11,
Milesburg and Boggs—Milesburg, Monday, 14.
Howard and Curtin—Howard, Tuesday 15.
Liberty—Eagleville, Wednesday, 16th.

Persons intending to teach will please not ask for private examinations.

R. M. MAGEE,
County Supt.

Centre Hall, Aug. 24.

THE CLOSING EXERCISES and Reunion, of the Centre County Normal, will be held at this place, on Wednesday, 18th, inst., in the evening. The programme for the occasion promises a good treat. The teachers, male and female, in attendance at the Normal, without exception, have been gentlemanly, ladylike and well-behaved in their deportment since their stay here, and leave a good impression upon our people, and we know that their departure, after the close, will be witnessed with regret. We doubt whether any Institution, with a similar number of students, can be found that can show more commendable conduct of its pupils, and it must be a source of pride to supt. Magee and his assistant, Prof. Meyer, that their pupils carry such a tribute, and it is creditable to those gentlemen, as it is the good fruit of their labors.

Our people should not fail to witness the closing exercises.

Loop, Sept. 5th, 1872.

Mr. Kurtz: We have been trying to solve the puzzles in the Reporter supplement with the following results:

No. 1. A cordial invitation is extended to all our personal friends and a discerning public, generally to call and see our stock of boots and shoes, as we are selling at greater bargains than ever before.

No. 2. Will persevere in opening the human understanding at low figures asking one and all to investigate for themselves.

No. 3. Boys and girls you are invited.

No. 4. This amounts to all nothing.

No. 5. Shoes for the baby.

The tail-end of Number one remains unsolved, from the fact that we could not agree.

W. A, A.
A. A. K.
W. A. K.

The Maine election on last Monday. The rads carry, of course, but with majority 8,000 less than for Grant in 1860 when it was 28,030.

Gov. Curtin is still lying dangerously ill in New York.

In 1860 the United States Army cost the people $16,001,167. In 1871 it cost $44,080,085. In 1860 the Navy cost the people $11,513,150; one million and a half of which was for new vessels. In 1871 it cost $19,431,027, with not a cent for new vessels.

Here we discover a difference in items of expenditure for a single year, of $35,986,795, in favor of James Buchanan's Democratic Administration over U. S. Grant Radical rule.

These are facts which the Secretary of the Treasury cannot cover up with all his proverbial cunning. They are too palpable to escape the notice of any but the wilfully blind.

A note by a minor is void.
A note issued on Sunday is void.
It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.
Ignorance of the law excuses no one.
A contract that is made with a lunatic is void.
The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

DEATHS

In Hartley township, on the 21st ult., Peter Miller, aged 91 years, 10 months and 16 days.

On the 4th inst., in Penn twp. after an illness of heart disease, of about two years, William Bracht, aged 34 years, 7 months and 23 days.

On the 7th inst., in Gregg township, Blanchie Katie May, daughter of Andrew and May Jane Smith, aged 10 months and 1 day.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—A two-story house, and two lots, with new stable thereon, favorably situated in Centre Hall are offered at private sale. There is a good orchard on one of the lots. For further particulars apply to

J. K. RUNKLE,
aug30.3t. Centre Hill.

ESTRAY.—Thirty-four sheep belonging to the undersigned, strayed from his premises, about four weeks ago. They are all marked on the left ear, which is tipped off in a half-circle; one carries a bell, and one is black. Persons giving information of the whereabouts of these sheep, will be duly rewarded for their trouble.

CHR. GINGERICH.
30 aug 3t. Linden Hall, Pa.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

I, D. W. Woodring, High Sheriff of Centre county, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said county of Centre, on TUESDAY the 8th day of OCTOBER, 1872, for the purpose of electing the several persons hereinafter named, viz:

One person for the office of Governor of Pennsylvania.

One person for the office of Auditor General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Three persons to represent the commonwealth of Pennsylvania in the House of Representatives of the United States.

One person to represent the countys of Centre, Clinton, Lycoming, Tioga and Potter, in the House of Representatives of the United States.

Twenty eight persons to represent the State at Large in the Constitutional Constitutional Convention.

Three persons to represent the counties of Centre, Huntingdon, Mifflin and Juniata in the Constitutional Convention.

One person to represent the county of Centre in the House of Representative.

One person for the office of Sheriff of Centre county.

One person for the office of Prothonotary, and clerk of Oyer and Terminer of Centre county.

One person for the office of Register and Clerk of Orphans court of Centre county.

One persons for the office of Recorder of the county of Centre.

One person for the office of County Commissioner of Centre county.

One person for the office of Auditor of Centre county.

One person for the office of Coroner of Centre county.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid election in the several boroughs and townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines, at the public house of John Limbert, in the town of Aaronsburg.

For the township of Half Moon, at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for the purpose, on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter, at the house of Chas. Smith, Old Fort.

For the township of Gregg, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher.

For the township of Ferguson, at the school house in Pine Grove.

For the township of Harris, at the school house in Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte, and Spring and Benner townships, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For the township of Walker, at the school house in Hublersburg.

For the borough and township of Howard at the school house in said borough.

For the township of Rush, at Cold Stream school house

For the township of Snow Shoe, at the school house of Samuel Askey.

For the township of Marion, at the school house in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg, in the school house at Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the township of Huston, at the house of John Reed.

For the township of Penn, at the house of W. L. Musser.

For the township of Liberty, at the school house in Eagleville.

For the township of Worth, at the school house in Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside, at the house of John Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the borough of Unionville and Union township, at Unionville school house.

The general Election in all the Townships, Districts and Boroughs of the county is to be opened between the hours of six and seven o'clock in the forenoon, and shall continue without interruption or adjournment until seven o'clock in the evening, when all polls shall be closed.

AMENDMENT TO CONSTITUTION OF U. S.

SEC. 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by any State, race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

FIRST AND SECOND SECTION OF THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF March 31, 1870.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. That all citizens of the United States, who are, or shall be otherwise qualified by law to vote at any election by the people in any State, Territory, district, county, city parish, township, school district, municipality or other territorial sub-division, shall be entitled and allowed to vote at all such elections without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; any Constitution, law, custom, usage or regulation of any of State or Territory, or by, or under its authority, to contrary notwithstanding.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, that if by and under the authority of the Constitution or laws of any State or laws of any Territory, any act is or shall be required to be done as a prerequisite or qualification for voting, and by such Constitution or law, persons or officers are or shall be charged with the performance of duties in furnishing to citizens an opportunity to perform such prerequisite or to become qualified to vote, it shall be the duty of every such person and officer to give to all citizens of the United States the same and equal opportunity to perform such prerequsite and to become qualified to vote, without distinction of race, color, or previous condition or servitude; and if any such person or officer shall refuse or knowingly omit to give full effect to this section, he shall, forever sy such offense, forfeit and pay the sum of five hundred dollars to the person aggrieved thereby to be recovered by an action on the case, with full costs, and su ch allowance for counsel fees as the court shall deem just, and shall also, for every such offense, be deemed guilty of misdemeanor and shall on conviction thereof, be fined not less than five hundred dollars, or be imprisoned not less than one month, and not more than one year, or both at the discretion of the court.

Constitptional Amendment.

Also, I hereby give notice of the following Joint Resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met. That the following amendment to the Constitution of this Commonwealth be proposed to the people for their adoption pursuant to provisional of the tenth article thereof, to wit:

AMENDMENT.—Strike out the Sixth Section of the Sixth Article of the Constitution, and insert in lieu thereof the following:

A State Treasurer shall be chosen by the qualified electors of the State, at such times and for such term of services as shall be prescribed by law.

Constitutional Convention.

At the same time and place, also, an election will be held for delegates to the convention to amend the Constitution of the State, in conformity with the Act, entitled "An Act to provide for calling a convention to amend the Constitution," approved April 11, 1872. As prescribed by said act, the following rules and regulations shall apply to said election, and the returns of the same:

1st. At the general election to be held on the second Tuesday of October next, there shall be elected by the qualified electors of this Commonwealth, delegates to a convention to revise and amend the Constitution of this State, the said Convention shall consist of one hundred and thirty-three members, to be elected in the manner following: Twenty-eight members thereof shall be elected in the State at large, as follows: Each voter of the State shall vote for not more than fourteen candidates, and the twenty-eight highest in vote shall be declared elected. Ninety-nine delegates shall be appointed to and elected from the different Senatorial districts of the State, three delegates to be elected for each Senator; there from and choosing all district delegates, each vote for not more than two of the members to be chosen from his district, and the three candidates highest in vote shall be declared elected, except in the county of Allegheny, forming twenty-third Senatorial District, where no voter shall vote for more than six candidates, and the nine highest in vote shall be elected, and in the counties of Luzerne, Monroe, and Pike, forming thirteenth Senatorial District, where no voter shall vote for more than four candidates, and the six highest in vote shall be elected, and six additional elegates shall be chosen from the city, and in their election no voter shall vote for more than three candidates, and the six highest in vote shall be declared elected.

2nd. The Judges and Inspectors for election district shall provide two suitable boxes for each poll, one in which to deposit the tickets voted for Delegates at large, and the other in which to deposit the tickets voted for District Delegates; which boxes shall be labelled respectively, "Delegates at large" and District Delegates;" and in each district in the city of Philadelphia an additional box shall be provided for each poll, in which to deposit the tickets voted for "City delegates;" and said last mentioned boxes must each be labelled, "City Delegates."

3rd. The said election shall be held and conducted by the proper election officers of the several election districts of the commonwealth, and shall be governed and regulated in all respects by the general election laws of the Commonwealth, so far as the same shall be applicable thereto, and not inconsistent with the provisions of said act.

4th. The tickets to be voted for members at large of the convention shall have on the outside the words "Delegates at large," and on the inside the names of the candidates to be voted for, not exceeding fourteen in number.

5th. The tickets to be voted for district members of the convention shall have on the outside the words "District Delegates," and on the inside the name or names of the candidates voted for, not exceeding the proper number limited as aforesaid; but any ticket which shall contain a greater number of names than the number for which the voter shall be entitled to vote, shall be rejected; and in case of the delegates to be chosen at large in Philadelphia, the words "City delegates," shall be on the outside of the ticket.

6th. In the city of Philadelphia the return judges shall meet at the State House, at ten o'clock on the Thursday next following the election, and make out the returns for the delegates at large and city, of the votes cast therein for delegates at large and city, and district delegates, to be members of the convention; the return judges of the several election districts within each county of the State, excluding Philadelphia, shall meet on Friday next following the election, at the usual place for the meeting of the return judges of their county, and make out full and accurate returns for the county, of the vote cast therein for members of the convention and for the district members of the same; and the proceedings of the return judges of the said city of Philadelphia, and of the several counties of the Commonwealth, in the making of their returns shall be the same as those prescribed for return judges in the case of an election for Governor, except that returns transmitted to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, shall be addressed to that officer alone and not to the Speaker of the Senate.

Change in the Manner of Voting.

An Act regulating the mode of voting at all elections in the several counties of this Commonwealth, approved March 30th, 1866;

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in general Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the several counties of this Commonwealth, at all general township, Borough and special elections, are hereby hereafter required to vote by tickets, written or printed, or partly printed and partly written, severally classified, as follows: One ticket shall embrace the name of all State officers voted for, labelled, "State," one ticket shall embrace thename of county officers voted for, including office of Senator, member and members, of Assembly, if voted for, and be labelled "County," one ticket shall embrace the name of all Township officers voted for, and be labelled, "Township;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all Borough officers voted for, and be labelled, "Borough;" and each class shall be deposited in seperate ballot-boxes

There will be no "Borough" "Township" tickets voted at the general election.

Pursuant to the provisions contained in the 70th section of the act the judge of districts shall respectively take charge of the certificates or returns of the election of their respective districts, produce them at a meeting of one judge from each district, at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on the third day after the election being for the present year, on Friday the eleventh day of October next, at 2 o'clock P. M., then and there to do and perform those duties required by law of said judges. Also, that when a judge, by sickness or unavoidable accident, is unable to attend said meeting of judges, then the certificate or return shall be taken charge of by one of the inspectors, or clerks of the election of said district, who shall do and perform the duties of said judge unable to attend.

Given under my hand and seal, at my office, in Bellefonte, this 4th day of Sept. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, and in the ninety-sixth year of the Independence of the United States.

D. W. WOODRING,
Sheriff of Centre county.

THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY

good Boots & Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Have just received 50 cases of Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell the cheapest and best Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Are the only ones in Centre co. that have Lester Bro's & Co., Boots & Shoes.

Lester Bro's & Co., Boots and Shoes are warranted.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell them at Cash prices.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes never leak or crack.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes always give satisfaction.

Thousands in this county and out of it have tried these Boots & Shoes.

They have been tested and tried for 15 years and always have given Extra satisfaction.

If you want to save doctor bills buy your Boots and Shoes from Burnside & Thomas.

You can buy the best articles of Tobacco and cigars at half price at Burnsides & Thomas.

The reason you can get such bargains at Burnside & Thomas, they sell for CASH. july19.tf.

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Boot & Shoe Store!

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT

With New Goods & New Prices!

Having determined to engage in business at this place, we have opened up in Room

NO. 5 BUSH'S ARCADE,

BELLEFONTE, PA., the largest, most complete and cheapest stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &C.,

that has ever been opened up in this part of the State. At our store you can find in the Boot and Shoe line

Anything You Want,

from the finest boot to the cheapest slipper, and we know if you once call and EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES, you will concede that it is to your interest to purchase from us.

WE SELL AT BOSTON RATES. Repairing Neatly Done.

B. L. BATCHELLER & CO.
July 19tf.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

WE OFFER FOR SALE the following list of UNEXCEPTIONABLE AND RELIABLE FERTILIZERS:

PURE GROUND BONE,
PURE BONE FLOUR,
SUPER-PHOSPHATE,
BONE DUST,
AND ANIMAL COMPOST.

They are the Great Generators and Nourishers of

CORN, OATS, GRASS, WHEAT, and other crops.

BEING QUICK, PERMANENT, ECONOMICAL

It Saves Labor!
It Prevents Weeds!
It Increases the Yield!
It Restores the Land!

SHORTLIDGE & CO.,
july19 2m. Bellefonte, Centre Co.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

R. F. Rankin & Co.,

(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

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SHOULDER BRACES,

TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety

Also, Choice

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

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PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

tf. 1june R. F. RANKIN & CO

C. PECK. J. T. LEE.

PECK & LEE'S

New

Coach Manufactory.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned have opened a new establishment, at their new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by them are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

They use none but the best material, and employ the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine our work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.
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Beautiful Toilet Setts,

Chamber Pails, &c.,

For sale by
apr20. tf. WM. P. M'MANIGAL.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.
Corrected by C. D. Keller.

White Wheat $1,65, Red 160....Rye..... 75.....Corn 60 .....Oats 40.....Barley 60. 70.....Clo rerseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45. Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 09 Butter 20.....Eggs 20. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 1,75....Red wheat 1,65....Rye 60.....Corn 60.....Oats 35.....Barley 50..... Cloverseed 4,50.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack,..... Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 20... Eggs 15.....Plaster 9 50

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PAIN CURE OIL

"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT"

FOR

Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness.

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For Rheumatism, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Neuralgia, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Fever Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Cholera Morbus, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Sprains, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Headache, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Bruises, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Corns and Bunions, Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
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EVERY BOTTLE IS WARRANTED,
And we challenge the world to produce its equal.
Used Externally and Internally for
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Ask for PAIN CURE OIL. Take no other, for we WARRANT IT TO CURE.
It is not a burning ammonia preparation, but a soothing compound, made from Pure Vegetable Oils, Herbs and Extracts, and is clean and safe to use.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
McCLURE & EATON, PROPRIETORS, Reading, Pa.

Sold wholesale and retail by F. P. Green.

Just Arrived.
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Call and See
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WOLF'S

Magnificent Stock of New Goods.

Come and get Bargains.

Assortment full and complete.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Hardware, Ready-made Clothing, and thousands of other articles

A. SUSSMAN

LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.

in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of

WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.

Kips and Calf Skins

French and City Finish.

STRING LEATHER, SHOE-FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Raw Hides

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Trunks and Valises

OF ALL KINDS.

RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.

Clover and Timothy Seed

always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.

Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.

Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. ap5.tf.

ADAM HILD,

PAINTER, MILROY, Mifflin co., Pa.

offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin Centre and adjoining counties, in

House, Sign and Ornamental Painting.

GRAINING
Oak, Walnut, Maple. Ash, Mahogony, &c.
Plain and Fancy Paperhanging. Orders respectfully solicited.
All fine work done for other painters.
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The Champion of the World.

The new Improved American Button-Hole Overseaming and Complete Sewing Machine—The greatest machine of the Age!

Simplcity, Durability & Cheapness Combined.

This machine being the litest, has many improvements over all other, in a word, it is a perfect machine, which is acknowledged by the best judges and agents of all other machines.

Call on A. L. Bartges, madisonburg, who is the authorized agent for Centre county. Also keeps the best Sewing Machine thread, needles, and repairs all kinds of sewing machines, clocks, watches, music boxes &c. I will thoroughly canvass the section belonging to me, and I shall be very much pleased to sell every person a machine, on easy terms; give it a trial before purchasing any other—it has no equal. Parties wishing the machine, will please address the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to.

A. L. BARTGES,
Agent for Centre County.
MADISONBURG, PA.

JOHN C. MOTZ & CO.

BANKERS.

MILLHEIM, CENTRE CO., PA.

Receive Deposits and allow interest.
Discount Notes.
Make Collections.
Issue Eastern Exchange.
And a general Banking Business done.

JOHN C. MOTZ, PRESIDENT.
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I. Guggenheimer.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of

SPLENDID NEW GOODS,

embracing

READY MADE CLOTHING,

DRESS GOODS,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

AND FANCY ARTICLES,

and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.

P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in LEATHER AND SHOE-FINDINGS, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS, in the old room, where he may alway be found. 12ap.tf.

COAL,

LIME,

and POWDER!

COAL—Wilkesbarre Coal, Chestnut Stove, Egg, furnace and foundry, Coal—of best quality, at the lowest prices. Customers will please note that our coal is housed under commodious sheds.

LIME—Wood or coal-burnt Lime, for sale at our kilns, on the pike leading to Milesburg.

POWDER.—Having received the agency for Du Pont's Powder AT WHOLESALE, we shall be pleased to receive orders from the trade.

Office and yard near south end of Bald Eagle Valley R. R. Depot, Bellefonte, Pa.

nov SHORTLIDGE & CO.

BUTTS HOUSE

BELLEFONTE, PA.

J. B. BUTTS, Prop'r.

Has first class accommodation; charges reasonable. 19apr, tf.

CENTRAL HOTEL. Corner of Third and Chestnut Street, Mifflinburg, Pa. John Showers, Proprietor.

Its Central Location makes it particularly desirable to persons visiting Town on business or pleasure.

H. A. Taylor's Livery Attached.
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RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

The proprietor of Rynder's Music Store desires to call the attention of the people of Centre county, to the fact that they

Can Save Money

by purchasing their musical instruments ot Rynder's Music Store. We are selling

Double Reed, Six Stop, Five Octavo Organs, at $140,

(superior in tone and finish, to those that are hawked and peddled throughout the country at $175 to $200.) These we warrant for five years. We give any reasonable credit desired to responsible parties.

We beg leave to call your attention to the following instruments, sold in Pennsvalley this year, which you would do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere:

CENTRE HALL.

S. S. WOLF, Rynder Organ..... $225.00
WM. GALBRAITH, Rynder Organ..... 140.00

LEMONT.

DR. J. Y. DALE, American Organ..... $375.00
PETER SCHRECK, Rynder Organ..... 140.00

AARONSBURG.

WM. ETTINGER, Rynder Organ..... $240.00

BOALSBURG.

MISS E. E. HUNTER, Melodion..... $130.00

In a few weeks we will call attention to our

PIANO DEPARTMENT.

In short by writing a letter to us and getting our prices—we deliver all instruments—

You Can Save From $40 to $60 on an Organ.

Address,

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE, Lock Haven, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

C. D. KELLER,

BISHOP STREET BELLEFONTE, PENNA,

is now prepared, at the Old Stand on Bishop Street, to sell

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES

Love's Farewell.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latent breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,

Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

Farm, Garden and Household.

GRAPES.—It always has been the case in wet and cold years that the ripening of the grapes has been backward on account of the consequent diminution in the total amount of the established quantity of heat necessary for an early and prolific maturity. The grapes under such circumstances contain less sugar and more free acids together with a greater quantity of water.

EGGS FOR ANIMALS.—Fresh eggs, according to the *Prairie Farmer*, afford great nourishment for weak animals. It tells of a colt which to all appearances was nearly dead, the breath of life being barely perceptible, which almost instantly revived by giving it one or two fresh eggs. The same results have attended the administering of eggs to weak cattle, and to feeble, chilled lambs. The remedy is a simple one, and farmers would do well to bear it in mind.

HORSE COLLARS.—How to fit a new collar to the shoulder of a horse is thus told by *The Valley Farmer:* The collar should be of the proper size; just before putting it on the first time, immerse it in water, letting it remain about a minute, and immediately put it on the horse, being careful to have the hames so adjusted at the top and bottom so as to fit the shoulder, and then put the horse to work. The collar by being wet, will adapt itself to the shoulder, and should dry on the horse. When taken off it should be left in the same shape it occupied on the horse, and ever after you will have a snug-fitting collar and no wounds.

HENS.—W. H. White describes in the following paragraph his successful treatment of hens tortured with roup in its worst form: I took them and made corn meal and red pepper into pills as large as I could well put in their mouth and forced down by rubbing on the throat, after shutting the mouth and holding; gave three or four a dose. The proportion of pepper was sufficient to give quite a tinge to the meal; all wet up with hot water. The diseased fowls were shut up in a dry, comfortable coop in the barn, where in a few days they recovered. I fed them corn meal dough with red pepper during the time they were shut up. In some cases I found it necessary to repeat the strong doses, but, taken in its early stage, one good large dose was sufficient to effect a cure, where soft food with a little pepper was given after, and the fowls kept confined in dry, comfortable quarters.

A NEW ENEMY TO THE CORN PLANT.—We notice that in many places, this season, the corn plant is attacked by a minute insect, very similar to what gardeners who have graperies called the "thrip." It is so small that it only can be seen distinctly by a pocket lens, when it appears as a small whitish brown thread, about a line in length. It is, however, very active. When disturbed, it jumps like the cabbage flea. It feeds on the green matter of the leaves, usually cutting in straight lines up and down between the ribs, leaving an appearance of delicate, thread-like lines where they have fed. That they are a serious injury is evident from the fact that the corn so attacked is not so thrifty and vigorous as that free from the visitations of insect. Indeed, as the effect is to prevent the use of half the leaf surface to the plant, it must be an injury. It is the same as plucking off half the leaves, the consequence of which we all know very well. Whether it has come to stay, or is only a casual visitor, remains to be seen. *Germantown Telegraph.*

WOUNDS.—A correspondent desires us to give him one of the best remedies that we know of for wounds. We know of none superior to the following one, which appeared not long since in the *Country Gentleman:* Take a pan or shovel with burning coals, and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar, and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a few minutes the pain will be allayed, and recovery proceed rapidly. In my own case, a rusty nail had made a bad wound in the bottom of my foot. The pain and nervous irritation was severe. This was all removed by holding it in the smoke for fifteen minutes, and I was able to resume my reading in comfort. We have often recommended it to others, with like results. Lately, one of my men had a finger-nail torn out by a pair of ice-tongs. It became very painful, as was to have been expected. Held in sugar smoke for some twenty minutes, the pain ceased, and it promises speedy recovery. As a good substitute for this, we will merely add that a tablespoonful of the tincture of arnica, added to a pint of cold water, will answer an excellent purpose.

FATTENING HOGS.—In regard to the number of times per day hogs should be fed, when put up for fattening, my experience in the matter is this: When hogs are as old as they should be, after putting them in the pen and feeding them somewhat plentifully for six or eight days, they will then bear full feeding, and they should have all that they can eat—and I care not whether it is given in one feed or five. But about one day in each week I like to feed a little sparingly, so as to let them get a little hungry. Turning hogs into a corn-field I consider a wasteful way of feeding. Still, I think I have never seen hogs fatten faster than when they were feeding themselves in this manner. I do not think it best to give full feed to hogs at as early an age as some do. Putting them to pasture and giving them some grain to keep them thrifty, I regard as the best plan until they are twelve to sixteen months old. By this time they have age and constitution to bear, being put up and full fed. In this way they will take on flesh and fat very fast. When hogs are penned up to be fatted, they frequently fail, I think, to get water enough. It is according to my experience that we have to salt and water our stock fat, as well as to feed them fat. [*Cor. Cin. Gazette.*

WRECKED BY A CLOUD BURST.—On a late Sunday, a cloud burst on the upper waters of a branch of Lick Creek, a small stream near the pike in Carroll county, and the waters came rushing down in a volume four or five feet deep, taking all the rails, logs, and rubbish in its way. At the forks of Lick Creek a strong frame Baptist meeting-house was filled with people to hear the Rev. James V. Riley preach. The meeting was dismissed about 12 M., and part of the congregation dispersed; but as the rain was not over, about fifty persons remained in the church to await the passing over of the cloud. In a few minutes the water came down in a volume of several feet deep, and struck the meeting-house with such force as to burst off one side of the frame and move the building from its foundation. A Mrs. Knox jumped out of the window with her boy, four years old, in her arms. The child fell from her embrace into the surging waters and was drowned and she barely saved from the same fate. It is believed the remainder of the congregation were only saved by the tearing up of the house.—*Kentucky Paper.*

The English Government placed a number of soldiers at the disposal of the farmers in Oxfordshire, where the strike of the agricultural laborers for higher wages was in progress. The crops were consequently harvested, and the officers of the National Agricultural Union have protested against this proceeding of the Government.

A Melancholy Story.

ANNA Soloman, aged twenty eight, a comely looking woman, committed suicide by hanging herself with a clothes-line. Deceased was married about three years ago to a peddler named Israel Solomon, who, six months after their union, told her he was going South to better his fortunes, and left her to the care of her parents, Levi and Sarah Cohen, who keep a dry goods store and are reputed wealthy. Shortly after his departure for New Orleans Anna gave birth to a girl who was named Sarah, and who survives her mother. While laid up in her confinement her parents received a letter from Solomon, saying he was tired of their daughter and intended to put her away. Mr. and Mrs. Cohen were afraid to break the news to their daughter, as they knew she loved her husband dearly, and put off the intelligence till she should get about again. As soon as she recovered Mrs. Cohen was on the point of breaking the news to deceased several times, but could not summon courage enough for the task, and finally, after consulting her husband, it was deemed best to tell her Solomon was dead. Mrs. Solomon bore the supposed affliction sorely, and was for several weeks an invalid. When she become calmer she donned widow's weeds and devoted herself to the care of her child.

It is not known whether Soloman had an idea that by making up with his wife he would come in for a share of the old people's property, or whether he found the old affection for Anna reviving, but the fact remains that a fortnight ago he wrote her a letter from New Orleans full of inquiries about her and her child and requested her to write to him. Anna had just returned from Detroit, where she had made the acquaintance of a young man who had impressed her favorably, and with whom she contracted an engagement of marriage. The cruel news from New Orleans and the deception on the part of her parents, and the mystery surrounding her husband's disappearance, proved too much for her and she in a few days showed unmistakable signs of insanity. She was closely watched, but during the temporary absence of her mother she got a clothes-line, fastened it to a hook behind the basement door, and stepped off a bed near by into eternity.—*New York Paper.*

GERMAN COURTESY.—No one can help admiring the simplicity, kindliness, and honesty of the Germans. The universal courtesy and friendliness of manner have a very different seeming from the politeness of the French. At the hotels in the country, the landlord, and his wife, and the servant join in hoping that you will sleep well when you go to bed. The little maid at Heidelberg who served our meals always went to the extent of wishing us a good appetite when she brough in the dinner. Here in Munich the people we have occasion to address in the street are uniformly courteous. The shopkeepers are obliging, and rarely servile, like the English, you are thanked, and punctiliously wished the good-day whether you purchase anything or not. In shops tended by women, gentlemen invariably remove their hats. If you buy only a kreuzer's worth of fruit off an old woman, she says words that would be, literally translated, "I thank you beautifully." With all this, one looks kindly on the childish love the Germans have for titles. It is, I believe, difficult for the German mind to comprehend that we can be in good standing at home, unless we have some title prefixed to our names, or some descriptive phrases added. Our good landlord, who waits at the tables and answers our bell, one of whose tenants is a living baron, having no title to put on his door-plate under that of the baron, must needs dub himself "privatier;" and he insists upon prefixing the name of this unambitious writer with the enobling *von;* and at the least he insists in common with the tradespeople, that I am a "Herr Doctor." The bills of purchase by madame come out to "Frau ——, well-born." At a hotel in Heidelberg, where I had registered my name with that distinctness of penmanship for which newspaper men are justly conspicuous, and had added to my own name "& wife," I was not a little flattered to appear in the reckoning as "Herr Doctor Mamesweise."—"*Saunterings,*" *by C. D. Warner.*

HAS WON HIS CASE.—What has been known for many years as "the great Oregon land case" has at last been decided by a jury in favor of one Joseph Thomas, otherwise known as "Wrestling Joe," a person now almost one hundred years of age. It appears from the testimony given on the trial, that this Joe had married a Miss Elizabeth Carnthers, in 1816, and that a son was the only issue of the union. A separation having occured, either before or after his birth, Mrs Thomas emigrated to Portland, Oregon, where she resided until her death. The son grew to be a man, and engaged in land schemes which enabled him to acquire a handsome estate. At his death, being without heirs, the authorities seized everything that belonged to him, and were about to have a sale, when they were stopped by a lawyer named Hannah, who had succeeded in discovering several of the kinsmen of the late Mr. Thomas. Soon afterward, the old man, "Wrestling Joe," was found in a condition of abject misery, and his title to be the heir of his son was so satisfactorily proved that he was surrounded by speculators, and his claim purchased. Recently, a decision was given in favor of these persons, but as the property is valued at upwards of a million dollars, the original claimants continue to fight, which will very shortly be resumed in the Supreme Court. Meanwhile poor old Joe has been provided with enough money to enable him to live in luxury for the remainder of his days. During the progress of the testimony a fact was developed which tells very well for Oregon. The estate now valued at a million was only worth forty thousand dollars in 1860.

SECRET MARRIAGES.—Every now and then the public is startled by the exposure of some domestic or social villany based on a secret marriage. Some confiding young lady has been induced to marry her lover secretly, and to keep the marriage secret for months, and perhaps for years. In a recent case the marriage had been kept secret for nearly seven years. Of course a man who wishes to keep his marriage a secret is always actuated by selfish, and usually by base motives. He is acting a part—playing a game; and his confiding wife is pretty sure, in the end, to find herself the victim of his treachery and baseness. A woman should never consent to any such arrangement. Her marriage should be solemnized in the light of publicity, and not in the shadow of concealment. She should distrust a man who has any reason for shrouding in darkness the fact which—in his estimation at least—should be the crowning glory of his life. The man who always has some plot on hand—who naturally takes to trickery and concealment, and is never ready to have his actions brought out into the clear light of day, is apt to be so constitutionally base that he seldom, even by accident, deviates into the path of honor and virtue. No woman who values her domestic happiness should ever listen to the suggestions of such a man in favor of a secret marriage.

WOULD NOT SELL.—A correspondent tells the following: "We were driving," she says, "through one of the prettiest and most picturesque of New England villages; it had about 900 inhabitants, nobody was poor, and nobody was very rich. One saw mill was on the bank of the beautiful, foaming, shady river, and in front of it sat the millers—one reading a newspaper, one a book. Said one of the party, 'There is fall enough here to run a good many factories; I wonder that it is all unused.' Our driver laughed and said, 'They won't sell water-privileges here. Some Boston men came here and tried to buy, but the people wouldn't hear to it; they said they didn't want a manufacturing population to come here and spoil their society.'" So the Connecticook flows for miles uncheeked by dams, free from mill waste, with its "fall" unused, and its beauty unspoiled

Herding in California.

The ranche from which I write—the Tejon it is called—seems to me, as I have said, the finest property in the United States in a single hand. It contains nearly 200,000 acres, and lies at the junction of the Sierra Nevada with the coast range, which bend around toward each other in a vast sweep and form the bottom of the great San Joaquin Valley. The two mountain ranges do not quite meet. The Tejon Pass, a narrow defile, separates them, and gives egress from the valley into the Los Angeles country. You may ride for 80 miles on the county road upon this great estate; it supports this year over 100,000 sheep; and it has a peasantry of its own. The Tejon is devoted to sheep; and here I saw the operation of shearing—eight or nine weeks are required to shear the whole flock—as well as the various details of the management of a California sheep farm. What we call at home a flock, is here called a band of sheep. These bands consist usually of from 1,300 to 1,600 sheep, and each band is in charge of a shepherd. Of course, the sheep are scattered over many miles of territory, but each band has a limited range, defined somewhat by the vicinity of water, and it is customary in California to drive every night into a corral, or enclosure usually fenced with brush, and with a narrow entrance. This corral is near water, and the sheep drink at morning and evening. The shepherd sleeps near by, in a hut, or, in the mountain part of the Tejon Rancho, on a *tepestra.* The corral is to keep the sheep together at night, and protect them in a measure against the the attacks of wild beasts, which, curiously enough, are too cowardly to venture after dark inside of even a low fence. The tepestra is to protect the shepherd himself against the attacks of grizzly bears, which are still abundant in the mountains, especially in the Coast Range. The tepestra is a platform about twelve feet high, built upon stout poles solidly set into the ground. Upon this platform the shepherd sleeps, in the mountains, at the entrance of the corral; the grizzly bear cannot climb a pole, though he can get up a tree large enough to give his claws a hold. It is I believe, not infrequent for a grizzly to stand up at the side of a tepestra at night, and try to rouse out the shepherd. But all the men are armed with guns, which they carry day and night.

The grizzly does not usually attack sheep. The California lion, a strong but very cowardly beast, the wild cat, the fox, and the coyote, are the sheep's enemies. The last-named is easily poisoned, with meal which has strychnine powdered over it. The others are hunted when they become troublesome, and as the lion, on the slightest alarm, takes to a tree, and will run even from a small dog, it is not accounted a very troublesome beast. Indians, Spaniards, Chinese, and some Scotchmen serve as shepherds in California. The last are thought the best; and the Chinese make very faithful shepherds if they are properly and carefully trained. They are apt to herd the sheep too closely together at first. Dogs I have found but little used in the sheep ranches I have seen. Of course the shepherds have to be supplied at stated intervals with food. They usually receive a week's rations, which they cook for themselves. At the Tejon there are two supply stations; and every morning donkeys and mules were sent out with food to some distant shepherds.

The ration-masters count the sheep as they deliver the rations, and thus all the bands are counted once a week, and if any sheep are missing they must be accounted for. The shepherd is allowed to kill a sheep once in so many days, but he must keep the pelt, which is valuable. Above the ration-masters are the major domos. Each of these has charge of a certain number of bands; on a smaller estate there is usually but one major domo. It is his duty to see that the shepherds are competent; that new pasturage is ready when a band has need for it; to see that the corrals are in good order; to provide extra hands at lambing time; to examine the sheep to keep out scab, which is almost the only disease sheep are subject to in this State; and to give out the rations for distribution. On such an estate as the Tejon there is, finally, a general superintendent and a bookkeeper and storekeeper—for here in the wilderness a supply of goods of various kinds must be kept up for the use of the people. A blacksmith, teamsters, plowmen, gardeners, and women make up the complement of the Tejon's company. The gardeners and servants are Chinese, as they usually are in this State, and very good men they are—civil, obliging and competent.

Beside these numbers fed from the home place, there are on this estate about 300 Indians, who have been allowed to fence in small tracts of land, on which they raise barley and other provisions, and in some cases plant fruit trees and vines. They form the peasantry and are a happy, tolerably thrifty, and very comfortable people. Their surplus produce is purchased by the superintendent; when their labor is used they are paid; and they all have horses which pasture on the general fields. They have learned how to plow, shear sheep, and perform some other useful labor.

Henry Clay in the House.

Henry Clay's control of the House, says a writer, was almost supreme. Although there were many of the ablest men in the country among the people's representatives, particularly during the administration of Mr. Munroe. I remember to have heard a distinguished member of the House from Massachusetts, Mr. Gorham of Boston, express the opinion that the power wielded by Mr. Clay as speaker would be dangerous to the liberties of the country, if exercised by a man lacking in patriotism or integrity. His rulings were rarely disputed and never set aside. Naturally arbitrary and overbearing, with unlimited confidence in himself, and a commanding presence to set one's self against him. He put the clock in the hall back an hour and a half on one occasion to prolong th session, that a certain order of business might be completed. On another, when a bill providing for a series of internal improvements was under discussion, an appropriation for the Cumberland road in which he was much interested, being one of the principal items, he made a decision, or rather took a position, which startled all reflecting men, although it was silently acquiesced in. The debate, which was an unusually animated one, had extended through several days, the opposition being strong and determined, when a North Carolina strict constructionist moved the indefinite postponement of the bill. The motion was perfectly parliamentary and not an unusual one. But Mr. Clay regarding it as a trick to kill the measure, thundered out in his most commanding tones, "The chair will not entertain the motion of the member from North Carolina. If he wishes to defeat this great measure, let him undertake it in a fair and manly manner. Let him manifest his opposition in the proper form. Why not make a speech against it? The House will listen patiently to whatever he may have to say." The gentleman was so taken aback that he did not open his mouth, and the debate proceeded without further interruption.

MORE OF THEM.—Two more cases of accident from playing with fire-arms. They are becoming so common that we shall cease to make a record of them soon. The first case was where one Mrs. Murray, of San Erancisco, playfully pointed a revolver at the head of a little girl. Of course she thought it was not loaded. But it was. Moreover, it went off. Furthermore, the little girl was shot dead. Second case: a boy of thirteen, while in a shooting-gallery in New York city, took a rifle (which, of course he thought unloaded) from the rack, and pointing it playfully at a little girl four years old, said, "I will shoot you." He did shoot her, and she died. Who wants to have an "unloaded" piece of fire-arms pointed at him in jest?

A Bridgeport lady remained too long on a tram to kiss a female friend, and trying to get off after it had started, was thrown violently on her face. "If ever I kiss any body again!" said she, vengefully, as she arose, "any woman, at least!" she thoughtfully added.

Letter from Dr. Livingstone.

The following is Dr. Livingstone's letter to his brother in Canada:

UJIJI, Nov. 16, 1871.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I received your welcome letter in February last, written when the cable news made you put off your suits of mourning. This was the first intimation I had that a cable had been successfully laid in the deep Atlantic. Very few letters have reached me for years. in consequence of my friends speculating where I should come out—on the west coast, down the Nile, or elsewhere.

The watershed is a broad upland, between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above the sea and some 70 miles long. The springs of the Nile that rise thereon are almost innumerable. It would take the best part of a man's lifetime to count them. One part, 64 miles of latitude, gave 32 springs from calf to waist deep, or on spring for every two miles. A birdseye view of them would be like the vegetation of frost on the window panes. To ascertain that all of these fountains united with four great rivers in the upper part of the Nile Valley was a work of time and much travel. Many a weary foot I trod ere light dawned on the ancient problem. If I had left at the end of two years, for which my bare expenses were paid, I could have thrown very little more light on the country than the Portuguese who, in their three slavery visits to Cazembe, asked for ivory and slaves, and heard of nothing else. I asked about the waters, questioned and cross-questioned till I was really ashamed, and almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus. I went forward, backward, and sideways, feeling my way, and every step of the way I was generally groping in the dark, for who cared were the rivers ran?

Of these four rivers into which the springs of the Nile reverge, the central one, called Lualaba, is the largest. It begins at the River Chambeze, which flows into the great Lake Bangwolo. on leaving it, its name is changed from Chambeze to Luapula, and that enters Lake Moero. Coming out of it the name Lualaba is assumed. and it flows into a third lake (Kamoloudo), which receives one of the four large drains mentioned above. It then flows on and makes two enormous bends to the west, which made me often fear that I was following the Congo instead of the Nile. It is from one to three miles broad, and never can be waded at any part or at any time of the year. Far down the valley it receives another of the four large rivers above mentioned, the Lockee or Lomame, which flows through what I have named before Lake Lincoln, and then joins the central, Lualaba. We have, then, only two lines of drainage in the lower part of the great valley—that is, Tanganyika and Albert Lake, which are but one lake-river, or say if you want to be pedantic, "lacustine river." These two form the eastern line. The Lualaba which I call Webb's Lualaba, is, then, the western line nearly as depicted by Ptolemy in the second century of our era. After the Lomame enters the Lualaba, the fourth great lake in the central line of drainage is found, but this I have not yet seen, nor yet the link between the eastern and western mains.

At the top of Ptolemy's Loop the great central line goes down into large, reedy lakes, possible those reported to Nero's centurion, and these from the western or Petherick's arm, which Speke and Grant and Baker believed to be the river of Egypt. Neither can be called the Nile until they unite. The lakes mentioned in the central line of drainage are by no means small, Lake Bangwolo, at the lowest estimate, is 150 miles long, and I tried to cross it and measure its breadth exactly. The first stage was to an inhabited island, 24 miles; the second stage could be seen from the highest point, or rather the tops of the trees upon it, evidently lifted up by mirage; the third stage, the main land, was said to be as far beyond, but my canoe men had stolen the canoe, and they got a hint that the real owners were in pursuit, and got into a flurry to return home. Oh, that they would! But I had only one coverlet left to hire another craft, and the lake being 400 feet above the sea, it was very cold. So I gave in and went back, but I believe the breadth to be between 60 and 70 miles. Bangwolo, Moero, and Kamoreare looked on as a great riverine lake, and are one of Ptolemy's. The other is the Tanganyika, which I found steadily flowing to the north. This geographer's predecessors must have gleaned their geography from men who visited this very region. The reason why his genuine geography was rejected was the extreme modesty of modern map makers.

One idle person in London published a pamphlet which, with killing modesty, he entitled "Inner Africa Laid Open;" and in the news-papers, even in the *Times*, rails at any one who travels and dares to find the country different from that drawn in his twaddle. I am a great sinner in the poor fellow's opinion, and the *Times* published his ravings even when I was most unwisely believed to be dead. Nobody but Lord Brougham and I knew what people will say after we are gone. The work of trying to follow the central line of drainage down has taken me away from mails or postage. The Manyema are undoubtedly cannibaled, but it was long before I could get conclusive evidence thereon. I was sorely let and hindered by having half-caste Moslem attendants, unmitigated cowards, and false as their prophets, of whose religion they have only imbibed the fulsome pride.

They forced me back when almost in sight of the end of my exploration a distance of between 400 and 500 miles under a blazing vertical sun, and I came here a mere ruckle of bones, terrible jaded in body and mind. The head man of my worthless Moslems remained here, and as he had done from the coast, ran riot with the goods sent to me; drunk for a month at a time. He then divined on a Koran and found that I was dead, sold off all the goods that remained for slaves and ivory for himself, and I arrived to find myself destitute of everything except a few goods I left in case of need. Goods are currency here, and I have to wait now till other goods and other men come from Zanzibar. When placed in charge of my supply of soap, brandy, opium and gunpowder from certain Banians (British subjects), he was fourteen months returning, all expenses being paid out of my stock; three months were ample; and then he remained here and sold off all. You call this smart, do you? Some do, if you don't. I thing it is moral idiocy.

Yours affectionately,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

CHIGNONS.—The fashion of wearing chignons first emanated from Paris, but has been so exaggerated, has grown so fearfully, that the Parisians themselves laugh at the absurdities which have sprung from their tasteful coiffures. Nowhere in Paris would be seen such immense chignons or prodigious paniers as the English or American women wear. The difference between a Parisian and an American tournure is very near the difference between a peck measure and that which holds a bushel. Some fashions are like fashionable gossip, which adds to itself something from every retailer of it, until it swells into a fearful scandal. So the fashion which started, a thing of grace, from Paris, as soon as it has crossed the seas is puffed into an absurdity.

FASHIONS.—One of the most novel toilettes of the season, says a fashion journal, is made of maroon silk and pale straw colored crepe de chine. The underskirt, which has a long train, has a wide plaited flounce which is headed by a double row of scallops in straw colored silk. The overskirt is of straw colored crepe de chine; it is cut very deep and trimmed with lace of the same tint. It is looped high at the sides and back. The corsage is cut with basques and opens in front over a vest made of straw colored maroon lace laid crosswise. This vest is low in the neck, the basque being trimmed all around with a box plaiting of straw colored silk beneath which falls maroon lace; Louis XV. sleeves elegantly trimmed with a double ruffle and bow at the back.

Nightmare and Dreams.

There is one curious and difficult inquiry to which no satisfactory reply has yet been given. It is in regard to the horrible phenomena of nightmare. Why is it that our dreams, when we sleep in an easy position and the organism is in healthy action, are beautiful and agreeable; but when we sleep in a cramped, oppressive attitude, or are suffering from indigestion, they are invariably of a frightful character, full of deformity or danger, causing pain and terror? Of this abstruse and interesting problem the following solution is suggested—a solution which, it is believed, will be acceptable and conclusive to those familiar with the ultimate principles of physiological and psychological science. Ugly and terribly outward phenomena, reported in the brain, and these interpreted in relation to what the exigency requires of the organism, produce disturbing and violent reactions in various nerve-centres. These reactions, reporting themselves in the brain, are there, by the inverse action of the law of association, taken to imply the presence, as outward causes, of the ugly and terrible phenomena of which they had before been consequences. If a piece of tough beef in the stomach causes from within just such a ganglionic perturbation as would be caused from without by a murderous deed or a fall from a precipice, is it not quite natural that the mind, deprived of its usual verifying tests, should think its subjective interpretation of the former an objective experience of the latter?

The commonest mistake in regard to dreams is the belief that they enter the mind from abroad. With a fine fancy, but fictitious thought, a poet says—

"Sleep is a traitor,
Who fills the poor defenceless eyes with blackness,
That he may let in dreams."

They are evoked, not introduced. When the inner play becomes, as it sometimes does, so exciting and powerful as to strike the springs of volition, and thus move the muscles, as we have *somnambulism*, which is a dream put into action. Are not some men sleep-walkers all their days, putting their dreams into action? The essence of a dream then, is that objects and events which are only ideally perceived within the mind are credited as having outward existence. And in this innermost essence of the thing, in this outermost color of the phenomenon., is not our whole life full of dream? Pascal impressively asks in one of those pregnant paragraphs which often fell from his pen, "If we were solitary when awake, but dreamed in company, and our dreams accorded with each other, who doubts that we should believe matters reversed.? In fine, as we frequently dreamed that we dream, piling one dream upon another, it is quite possible that this life is only a dream, on which others are grafted, from which we awake at death, and during which we have the principles of the true and the good as little as during natural sleep." How many things, which for the time sway and shape us, are limited to our own souls, pure idealities destined never to be any part of the veritable world! It is one of the deep utterances of old Heraclitus that "they who are awake have a world in common among them; but they who sleep are retired each to his own private world." Nevertheless, literal and large as the truth in this maxim — still with reference to our moral experience an inverse statement; for the former cause of it would express a graver truth, and one with a more comprehensive inference. Consider it thus. Our common waking life is like a dream, because in it each man lives a special experience within a world specially shared and colored by his dominant idiosyncrasies.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

[New York Dry Goods Market.

Though opening dull, the dry goods market towards the close exhibits a considerable degree of activity. There are few changes in prices, however, and these are unimportant, now that cool weather has set in, there is every prospect of early activity.

Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings.—Standard goods have been held at old quotations.

Cotton Flannel.—Transactions of note have occured. Prices firm.

Stripes and Ticks.—Prices firm and business fair.

Printing Cloths.—Gray cloths continue inactive. A further decline of about ⅛ of a cent per yard has been reported. The nominal asking rates are now 7½ to 7¾ for immediate delivery.

Prints.—the sales have been liberal and the market has been fairly active.

Flannels.—The market has been active and the sales have been large. No change in prices are expected.

Foreign Dry Goods.—Foreign goods closes with a fair business. Merchants from the South and West are in town, and large purchases are anticipated.

HENRY.—At a political meeting, the speaker and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called out for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker come on, this man bawled out, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I want Mr. Henry." After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform and was soon airing his eloquence in a magniloquent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when the old cry was heard for Mr. Henry. Putting his hands to his mouth, like a speaking trumpet, this man was bawling out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! Henry! I called for Mr. Henry to make a speech!" The chairman now rose, and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking. "Is that Mr. Henry!" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry! Why, that's the little cuss that told me to holler."

THE DAIRY.—In New York and Pennsylvania, says a correspondent, farm stock is pastured about one-half of the year, and it certainly is a matter of great importance to know how to realize the most profit from the land devoted to this branch of farming. The dairymen are generally in favor of permanent pastures, though there is now and then one among them who has found out by trial the greatly increased yield of grass on newly-seeded lands; but the tendency among these men is to measure their year's work, not so much by determining the products per acre of their farms, but rather the pounds of cheese or butter made per cow. I never heard a dairyman state, of his own accord, the amount of money his farm paid by the acre, but I have constantly heard of cows paying from $50 to $100 each for the year's business.

DIDN'T LIKE A JOKE.—A while ago an officer in the English army, having inspected some home stations, sent in his statement of disbursements. There was one item as follows: "Porter, 6d." This item was struck out of the list by the War-office; but the officer explained that the charge was for carriage of his luggage, under circumstances where he would otherwise have had to pay 1s. 6d for a cab. To this explanation came a reply that in this case the claim would be allowed, but that it should have been put for "porterage," and not "porter." The officer answered that he would obey orders, although he could find no authority for such a word as "porterage;" and inquired, in addition, if in future he should use the term "cab[illegible]" when he meant "cab?" The English War-office would not takea joke, and the witty officer was severely reprimanded.

MIXED.—An alternative Illinois reporter fathers the following: "Parson Palmer, of Padola, is the proprietor of a pen of pigs. These pigs escaped and persecuted a peaceable neighbor named Piper. Piper persecuted them on his premises with a dog and punished Palmer's boy. The parson paid his respects to Piper, prating of perspective persecution, and was in turn pounded to pulp by the precopitate Piper. The penitent man at present languishes in prison.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad or indifferent. Nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

In an Insane Asylum.

At the time of the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum investigation, the New York *Tribune* made an attempt at testing the manner in which it is alleged some persons were sent to asylums, etc. Here is the story as told by the paper: On August 14, Julius Chambers, a reporter of this paper, was consigned to Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum by regular process of law, and was placed by the Assistant Physician in charge in the wards for excited patients, being thought a dangerous maniac. At the end of a week he appeared (by instruction from this office) to be so much improved that he was removed to the ward for quiet patients, and encouragement was held out by the same physician that in six or seven weeks he might be discharged. On Saturday last, after a writ of *habeas corpus* for his release had been served, Dr. David T. Brown, Superintendent of the institution, talked with him for an hour or two, and, being familiar with the disease which he simulated, at once saw that the reporter was sane. At the solicitation of the physician and the legal adviser of the Asylum, consent was given that he be released without further public legal proceedings. Mr. John D. Townsend, in whose name the application for release was made, explained in the Supreme Court his connection with the case and the fact that the person committed was a reporter. The paper adds: To have bribed two physicians to certify falsely the reporter's madness would have been to prove only that there were rogues in the profession; hence it was decided to feign insanity and test the scientific knowledge of the committing physicians. Two reputable physicians, a medical student, and a professional nurse, pronounced the man "a violent lunatic, dangerous to himself and others." It was charged that strangers to patients sometimes committed them. It was therefore decided that absolute strangers should be employed. It was said that police justices committed men without examination. The Justice who sent our reporter to Bloomingdale never saw him at all, and does not know the names of the persons or physicians who made the application. The Governor of the Asylum to whom application was made for admission declared that the physicians at the Asylum would receive no patient without his endorsement. It was therefore decided to avoid this Governor altogether, and in spite of the strict regulations the physicians in charge received the patient, and without even asking the name of one of the gentlemen committing him, and after an examination of less than one minute, consigned him to the ward for excited patients. The reporter was directed to study carefully the character of the attendants and physicians, the condition of the apartments, nature of the general treatment, whether cruel or kind, the character of the meals supplied, and to obtain the statements of any persons whom he had reasons to think sane. It was also charged that the physicians connived at the removal of patients for whom writs of *habeas* had been procured, having some means of communication with the Court by which they were advised in advance of such proceedings. To test this question a writ of *habeas corpus* was served, but the prisoner had not been removed, and no suggestion was made of removal. But strenuous efforts to keep the matter from the courts were made, and finally with success.

Weekly Review of New York Market.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market for State and Western flour is a shade firmer, with a more active business.

WHEAT.—The market is two cents higher on spring and three to five on winter. We quote No. 2 in store at $1 50a$1 54; No. 1 in store at $1 55a$1 57; western at $1 50a$1 63; amber do. at $1 65a$1 70; white do. at $1 68a$1 95. The sales are 56,000 bushels at $1 55 for No. 2 spring afloat; $1 50a$1 60 for new winter red western; $1 70 for amber Tennessee; $1 75 for white Indiana and Tennessee, and $1 95 for very choice old white Canada, duty paid.

PROVISIONS.—Pork.—The market for mess on the spot is lower. For forward delivery there is a moderate business. At the close, September is quoted at 14 10. Prime and extra prime are quiet but steady at 10 50a$11. In prime mess there is the usual jobbing trade at old rates; 75 barrels western sold at 12 12. We quote $12a12 50.

SOKED MEATS.—There is good business at full rates. We quote hams at 13a16c; shoulders at 8½c; and clear rib at 10½c.

MIDDLES.—There is a brisk demand from exporters mainly for long clear for forward delivery at full rates.

BEEF—is dull and heavy. We quote plain western mess at $5a$7; and extra mess at $7a$9.

BEEF HAMS.—There is but little doing. We quote old western at 20a28; and new at $30a$34.

TIERCE BEEF.—Remains nominal We quote prime mess at $11a$15, and Indian mess at $16a$19.

LARD.—The Market for old western is quiet but firm. We quote 9¼a9¾

BUTTER—is quiet. We quote State in Welsh tubs at 20a24c.; western at 10a15c. for common to fair, and 18a26c. for fancy.

CHEESE.—The market is higher and excited. We quote State factories at 13a14½c. for fair to fancy, and western at 12a13½c.

RICE.—There is no change to note. Carolina 8¼a9½c.; Rangoon 7a7¼c; and Patna 8c.

SUGAR.—The market for raw is active and steady. We quote, No. 12 box at 9½c and No. 11 to 13 centrifugal at 9¼a10¼c. In refined the business is more active and prices are firmer. We quote granulated at 12c.; crushed and powdered at 12¼a12½c., and cut loaf at 13½c.

TOBACCO—The market for Kentucky leaf is less active. Virginia leaf is in the sellers' favor. We quote Virginia common to good lugs at 8¼a10c.; dark wrappers at 12¼a16c; bright at 25a75c.

PETROLEUM—is quiet at the moment, but there is a firm feeling. Crude in bulk is held at 11¼a12½c; naptha is quiet at 14a14½c.

THE DIAMOND FEVER.—The latest report from the Arizona diamond fields is that a party which thoroughly explored the so-called diamond region found an abundance of rubies, sapphires, and crystals which resembled diamonds, but which were simply quartz. If the diamonds have already turned into worthless quartz, it will hardly do for those who have taken stock in the diamond mining companies to console themselves by faith in rubies and sapphires. There is no security that the latter will not turn into cheap agates and cornelias, and the whole story of the priceless gems of Arizona prove to be the result of ignorance and fraud. No one has yet explained why men who can pick up diamonds without number should content themselves with securing samples of the precious gems, and then proceed to form stock companies with the view of selling their invaluable possessions at a rate very far below the market price of a half a dozen of their best gems.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.—A letter from St. Petersburg in the *Schlesische Zeitung* says that Russia is preparing for a war with China. The territory of Kouldscha, on the western frontier of the latter country, was, as is known, occupied by the Russian troops last year, and China now intends to regain possession of it. The Mahommedan population, however, are so hostile to the Chinese government, that they declare they will put to death any Chinese official who appears in the country. This would of course lead to a conflict, in which Russia will doubtless take the part of Kouldscha against its so-called oppressors. The Government at Pekin seems to be already anticipating such a contingency, for it is building ironclads and employing 1,500 men daily in the preparation of guns and amunition, and has sent agents among the Russian Khirgis to induce them to resume their old alliance to China.

A SCIENTIFIC THIEF.—A professor who had formerly been employed in Alleghany Observatory, and had conceived a great affection for the object-glass for a new telescope, eloped with it lately. Though the glass is worth $7,000, it is not possible to dispose of it, as it is unique and well known. The theft, therefore, is said to be "the result of uncontrolled affection."

South African Diamonds.

A miner who has just returned from the diamond fields of South Africa says: "A large portion of the diggers are Cape colonists and Natalians. Dutchmen, Englishmen, Australians, and of course Americans. There is a sprinkling of Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards. Those who do well are generally Australians and Americans, who have had experience in mining in California and Australia. A society, remarkably mixed in its character, has sprung up, and it is a noticable fact that among this new gathering of old nations the better or more respectable class prevail. The fields are pretty clear of that class of roughs that infested the gold mines